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THE TRAGEDY OF *LOCRINE*, THE ELDEST SON OF KING *BRUTUS*.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

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MDCCXXXIV.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

BRUTUS, *King of* Britain.

Locrine,
Camber,
Albanact,
} *his Sons.*

Corineius,
Aſſaracus,
} *Brothers to* Brutus.

Thraſimachus, Corineius *his Son.*

Debon, *an older Officer.*

Humber, *King of the* Scythians.

Hubba, *his Son.*

Thraſſier, *a* Scythian *Commander.*

Strumbo,
Trompart,
Oliver,
William,
} *Clowns.*

Guendeline, Corineius *his Daughter, married to* Locrine.

Eſtrild, Humber's *Wife.*

Ate, *the Goddeſs of Revenge.*

Ghoſts of Albanact, *and* Corineius.

Knapp
Jan. 14, 1922
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THE TRAGEDY OF *LOCRINE.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Dumb Shew.

Enter Ate, *with Thunder and Lightning, all in black, with a burning Torch in one Hand, and a bloody Sword in the other Hand; and presently let there come forth a Lion running after a Bear, then come forth an Archer, who must kill the Lion in a dumb Show, and then depart. Remain* Ate.

ATE.

In pœnam sectatur & Umbra.

AMighty Lion, Ruler of the Woods,
Of wondrous Strength and great Proportion,
With hideous Noise, scaring the trembling Trees,
With yelling Clamours shaking all the Earth,
Traverst the Groves, and chac'd the wandring Beasts.
Long did he range among the shady Trees,
And drave the silly Beasts before his Face;

When ſuddenly from out a thorny Buſh
A dreadful Archer with his Bow ybent,
Wounded the Lion with a diſmal Shaft,
So he him ſtrook, that it drew forth the Blood,
And fill'd his furious Heart with fretting Ire;
But all in vain he threaneth Teeth and Paws,
And ſparkleth Fire from forth his flaming Eyes,
For the ſharp Shaft gave him a mortal Wound.
So valiant *Brute*, the Terror of the World,
Whoſe only Looks did ſcare his Enemies,
The Archer Death brought to his lateſt end.
O what may long abide above this Ground,
In State of Bliſs and healthful Happineſs! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Brutus *carried in a Chair*, Locrine, Camber, Albanact, Corineius, Guendeline, Aſſaracus, Debon, *and* Thraſimachus.

Bru. Moſt loyal Lords, and faithful Followers,
That have with me, unworthy General,
Paſſed the greedy Gulf of th'Ocean,
Leaving the Confines of fair *Italy*,
Behold, your *Brutus* draweth nigh his end,
And I muſt leave you, though againſt my Will;
My Sinews ſhrunk, my number'd Senſes fail,
A chilling cold poſſeſſeth all my Bones,
Black ugly Death with Viſage pale and wan,
Preſents himſelf before my dazled Eyes,
And with his Dart prepared is to ſtrike:
Theſe Arms, my Lords, theſe never-daunted Arms,
That oft have quell'd the Courage of my Foes,
And eke diſmay'd my Neighbour's Arrogance,
Now yield to Death o'erlaid with crooked Age,
Devoid of Strength and of their proper Force;
Even as the luſty Cedar worn with Years,
That far abroad her dainty Odour throws,
'Mongſt all the Daughters of proud *Lebanon*,
This Heart my Lords, this ne'er appalled Heart,
That was a Terror to the bordering Lands,
A doleful Scourge unto my neighbour Kings,

Now

Now by the Weapons of unpartial Death
Is clove asunder, and bereft of Life;
As when the sacred Oak with Thunder-bolts,
Sent from the fiery Circuit of the Heav'ns,
Sliding along the Air's celestial Vaults,
Is rent and cloven to the very Roots.
In vain therefore I struggle with this Foe,
Then welcome Death, since God will have it so.

Assar. Alas, my Lord, we sorrow at your Case,
And grieve to see your Person vexed thus;
But whatsoe'er the Fates determin'd have,
It lieth not in us to disannul;
And he that would annihilate his Mind,
Soaring with *Icarus* too near the Sun,
May catch a fall with young *Bellerophon.*
For when the fatal Sisters have decreed
To separate us from this earthly Mold,
No mortal Force can countermand their Minds:
Then, worthy Lord, since there's no way but one,
Cease your Laments, and leave your grievous Moan.

Cor. Your Highness knows how many Victories,
How many Trophies I erected have
Triumphantly in every place we came.
The *Grecian* Monarch, warlike *Pandrassus,*
And all the Crew of the *Molossians:*
Goffarius the arm-strong King of *Gauls,*
Have felt the Force of our victorious Arms,
And to their Cost beheld our Chivalry:
Where-e'er *Aurora,* Handmaid of the Sun,
Where-e'er the Sun, bright Guardian of the Day,
Where-e'er the joyful Day with cheerful Light,
Where-e'er the Light illuminates the World,
The *Trojans* Glory flies with golden Wings,
Wings that do soar beyond fell envious flight,
The fame of *Brutus* and his followers
Pierceth the Skies, and with the Skies the Throne
Of mighty *Jove,* Commander of the World.
Then, worthy *Brutus,* leave these sad Laments,
Comfort yourself with this your great Renown,
And fear not Death, though he seems terrible.

Bru. Nay, *Corineius*, you mistake my Mind,
In construing wrong the Cause of my Complaints;
I fear'd not t'yield myself to fatal Death,
God knows it was the least of all my Thoughts;
A greater Care torments my very Bones,
And makes me tremble at the thought of it,
And in your Lordings both the Substance lie.

Thra. Most noble Lord, if aught your Loyal Peers
Accomplish may, to ease your lingring Grief,
I, in the name of all, protest to you,
That we would boldly enterprize the same,
Were it to enter to black *Tartarus*,
Where triple *Cerberus* with his venomous Throat,
Scareth the Ghosts with high resounding Noise:
We'll either rent the Bowels of the Earth,
Searching the Entrails of the brutish Earth,
Or with his *Ixions* overdaring soon,
Be bound in Chains of ever-during Steel.

Bru. Then hearken to your Sovereign's latest Words,
In which I will unto you all unfold,
Our Royal Mind and resolute Intent.
When golden *Hebe*, Daughter to great *Jove*,
Cover'd my manly Cheeks with youthful Down,
Th'unhappy Slaughter of my luckless Sire,
Drove me and old *Assarachus* mine Eame,
As Exiles from the Bounds of *Italy*,
So that perforce we were constrain'd to fly
To *Grecians* Monarch, noble *Pandrassus*,
There I alone did undertake your Cause,
There I restor'd your antique Liberty,
Though *Grecia* frown'd, and old *Molossia* storm'd,
Though brave *Antigonus*, with martial Band,
In pitched Field encountred me and mine,
Though *Pandrassus* and his Contributaries,
With all the routs of their Confederates,
Sought to deface our glorious Memory,
And wipe the Name of *Trojans* from the Earth;
Him did I captivate with this mine Arm,
And by Compulsion forc'd him to agree
To certain Articles, which there we did propound.

From

From *Grecia* through the boisterous *Hellespont*,
We came into the Fields of *Lestrigon*,
Whereat our Brother *Corineius* was;
Which when we passed the *Cicilian* Gulf,
And so transfretting the *Illician* Sea,
Arrived on the Coast of *Aquitain*;
Where with an Army of his barbarous *Gauls*
Goffarius and his Brother *Gathelus*
Encountring with our Host, sustain'd the Foil,
And for your sakes my *Turnus* there I lost;
Turnus that slew six hundred Men at Arms,
All in an Hour, with his sharp Battle-Axe.
From thence upon the stronds of *Albion*
To *Corus'* Haven happily we came,
And quell'd the Giants, come of *Albion*'s Race,
With *Gogmagog*, Son to *Samotheus*,
The cursed Captain of that damned Crew,
And in that Isle at length I placed you.
Now let me see, if my laborious Toils,
If all my Care, if all my grievous Wounds,
If all my Diligence were well employ'd.

Cor. When first I follow'd thee and thine, brave King,
I hazarded my Life and dearest Blood,
To purchase Favour at your Princely Hands,
And for the same in dangerous Attempts,
In sundry Conflicts, and in divers Broils,
I shew'd the Courage of my manly Mind;
For this I combated with *Gathelus*,
The Brother to *Goffarius* of *Gaul*;
For this I fought with furious *Gogmagog*,
A savage Captain of a savage Crew;
And for these Deeds brave *Cornwall* I receiv'd
A grateful Gift giv'n by a gracious King;
And for this Gift, this Life and dearest Blood
Will *Corineius* spend for *Brutus'* good.

Deb. And what my Friend, brave Prince, hath vow'd to you,
The same will *Debon* do unto his end:

Bru. Then, Loyal Peers, since you are all agreed,
And resolute to follow *Brutus'* Hosts,

Favour my Sons, favour thoſe Orphans, Lords,
And ſhield them from the Dangers of their Foes.
Locrine, the Column of my Family,
And only Pillar of my weaken'd Age;
Locrine, draw near, draw near unto thy Sire,
And take thy lateſt Bleſſings at his hands:
And, for thou art the eldeſt of my Sons,
Be thou a Captain to thy Brethren,
And imitate thy aged Father's ſteps,
Which will conduct thee to true Honour's Gate:
For if thou follow ſacred Virtue's lore,
Thou ſhalt be crowned with a Laurel-Branch,
And wear a Wreath of ſempiternal Fame,
Sorted amongſt the glorious happy ones.

Loc. If *Locrine* do not follow your Advice,
And bear himſelf in all things like a Prince
That ſeeks to amplify the great Renown,
Left unto him for an Inheritance,
By thoſe that were his Anceſtors,
Let me be flung into the Ocean,
And ſwallow'd in the Bowels of the Earth.
Or let the ruddy Lightning of great *Jove*,
Deſcend upon this my devoted Head.

[Brutus *taking* Guendeline *by the Hand.*

Bru. But for I ſee you all to be in doubt,
Who ſhall be matched with our Royal Son,
Locrine, receive this Preſent at my hand;
A Gift more rich than are the wealthy Mines
Found in the Bowels of *America*.
Thou ſhall be ſpouſed to fair *Guendeline*:
Love her, and take her, for ſhe is thine own,
If ſo thy Uncle and herſelf do pleaſe.

Cor. And herein how your Highneſs honours me,
It cannot now be in my Speech expreſt;
For careful Parents glory not ſo much
At their own Honour and Promotion,
As for to ſee the Iſſue of their Blood
Seated in Honour and Proſperity.

Guen. And far be it from my pure maiden Thoughts
To contradict her aged Father's Will,

There-

Therefore since he to whom I must obey,
Hath giv'n me now unto your Royal self,
I will not stand aloof from off the lure,
Life crafty Dames that most of all deny
That, which they most desire to possess.
[Brutus *turning to* Locrine.
[Locrine *kneeling*.
Then now my Son thy part is on the Stage,
For thou must bear the Person of a King.
[*Puts the Crown on his Head.*
Locrine stand up, and wear the regal Crown,
And think upon the State of Majesty,
That thou with Honour well may'st wear the Crown,
And if thou tendered these my latest Words,
As thou requir'st my Soul to be at rest,
As thou desirest thine own Security,
Cherish and love thy new-betrothed Wife.
Loc. No longer let me well enjoy the Crown,
Than I do peerless *Guendeline*.
Bru Camber.
Camb. My Lord.
Bru. The Glory of mine Age,
And Darling of thy Mother *Juvoger*,
Take thou the *South* for thy Dominion:
From thee there shall proceed a Royal Race,
That shall maintain the Honour of this Land,
And sway the regal Sceptre with their Hands.
[*Turning to* Albanact.
And *Albanact* thy Father's only Joy,
Youngest in Years, but not the young'st in mind,
A perfect Pattern of all Chivalry,
Take thou the *North* for thy Dominion,
A Country full of Hills and ragged Rocks,
Replenished with fierce untamed Beasts,
As correspondent to thy martial Thoughts.
Live long my Sons with endless Happiness,
And bear firm Concordance among your selves,
Obey the Counsels of these Fathers grave,
That you may better bear out Violence.
But suddenly, through Weakness of my Age,

And the defect of youthful Puissance,
My Malady increaseth more and more,
And cruel Death hasteneth his quickned pace,
To dispossess me of my earthly Shape;
Mine Eyes wax dim, o'ercast with Clouds of Age,
The pangs of Death compass my crazed Bones.
Thus to you all my Blessings I bequeath,
And with my Blessings, this my fleeting Soul.
My Glass is run, and all my Miseries
Do end with Life; Death closeth up mine Eyes,
My Soul in haste flies to the *Elysian* Fields. [*He dies.*

Loc. Accursed Stars, damn'd and accursed Stars,
T'abbreviate my noble Father's Life,
Hard-hearted Gods, and too too envious Fates,
Thus to cut off my Father's fatal Thread,
Brutus that was a Glory to us all,
Brutus that was a Terror to his Foes,
Alas too soon by *Demogorgon*'s Knife,
The martial *Brutus* is bereft of Life.
No sad Complaints may move just *Eacus*.

Cor. No dreadful Threats can fear Judge *Rhadamanth*.
Wert thou as strong as mighty *Hercules*,
That tamed the huge Monsters of the World,
Plaid'st thou as sweet, on the sweet-sounding Lute,
As did the Spouse of fair *Eurydice*,
That did enchant the Waters with his Noise,
And made the Stones, Birds, Beasts, to lead a Dance,
Constrain'd the hilly Trees to follow him,
Thou could'st not move the Judge of *Erebus*,
Nor move Compassion in grim *Pluto*'s Heart,
For fatal *Mors* expecteth all the World,
And every Man must tread the way of Death;
Brave *Tantalus*, the valiant *Pelops*' Sire,
Guest to the Gods, suffer'd untimely Death,
And old *Tithonus*, Husband to the Morn,
And eke grim *Minos*, whom just *Jupiter*
Deign'd to admit unto his Sacrifice,
The thundring Trumpets of Blood-thirsty *Mars*,
The fearful Rage of fell *Tisiphoën*,
The boisterous Waves of humid Ocean,

Are

Are Instruments and Tools of dismal Death.
Then, noble Cousin, cease to mourn his chance,
Whose Age and Years were Signs that he should die.
It resteth now that we inter his Bones,
That was a Terror to his Enemies.
Take up his Corse, and Princes hold him dead,
Who while he liv'd, upheld the *Trojan* State.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, march to *Troinovant*,
There to provide our Chieftain's Funeral. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Strumbo *above in a Gown, with Ink and Paper in his Hand.*

Strumb. Either the four Elements, the seven Planets and all the particular Stars of the Pole Antartick, are adversative against me, or else I was begotten and born in the Wain of the Moon, when every thing, as *Lactantius* in his fourth Book of Constultations doth say, goeth harsward. Ay Masters, ay, you may laugh, but I must weep; you may joy, but I must sorrow; shedding salt Tears from the watry Fountains of my most dainty fair Eyes, along my comely and smooth Cheeks, in as great plenty as the Water ruuneth from the Buckir.g-tubs, or red Wine out of the Hogs-heads: for trust me, Gentlemen and my very good Friends, and so forth: the little God, nay the desperate God *Cuprid*, with one of his vengible Birds bolts, hath shot me unto the Heel: so not only, but also, oh, fine phrase, I burn, I burn, and I burn a, in love, in love, and in love a, ah *Strumbo*, what hast thou seen, not *Dina* with the Ass *Tom*? Yea, with these Eyes thou hast seen her, and therefore pull them out, for they will work thy Bail. Ah, *Strumbo*, hast thou heard of the Voice of the Nightingale, but a Voice sweeter than hers, yea, with these Ears hast thou heard them, and therefore cut them off, for they have caus'd thy sorrow. Nay, *Strumbo*, kill thy self, drown thy self, hang thy self, starve thy self. Oh, but then I shall leave my Sweet-heart. Oh my Heart! Now Pate for thy Master, I will dite an aliquant Lo-

pittle

p'ftle to her. and then she hearing the grand verbosity of my Scripture, will love me presently.

[*Let him write a little, and then read.*

My Pen is naught, Gentlemen, lend me a Knife, I think the more haste the worst speed.

[*Then write again, and after read.*

So it is, Mistress *Dorothy*, and the sole essence of my Soul, that the little sparkles of affection kindled in me towards your sweet self, hath now encreas'd to a great Flame, and will e'er it be long consume my poor Heart, except you with the pleasant Water of your secret Fountain, quench the furious Heat of the same. Alas, I am a Gentleman of good Fame, and Name, majestical, in Apparel comely, in Gait portly. Let not therefore your gentle Heart be so hard, as to despise a proper tall young Man of a handsome Life, and by despising him, not only, but also to kill him. Thus expecting Time and Tide, I bid you fare well. Your Servant, *Signior Strumbo.*

Oh Wit, O Pate, O Memory, O Hand, O Ink, O Paper! Well, now I will send it away *Trompart*. *Trompart*, a what Villain is this? Why Sirrah, come when your Master calls you. *Trompart.*

Trompart entring saith, Anon, Sir.

Strum. Thou knowest, my pretty Boy, what a good Master I have been to thee ever since I took thee into my Service.

Trom. Ay, Sir.

Strum. And how I have cherished thee always, as if thou hadst been the Fruits of my Loins, Flesh of my Flesh, and Bone of my Bone.

Trom. Ay, Sir.

Strum. Then shew thyself herein a trusty Servant, and carry this Letter to Mistress *Dorothy*, and tell her——

[*Speaking in his Ear.* *Exit* Trompart.

Strum. Nay, Masters, you shall see a Marriage by and by. But here she comes. Now must I frame my amorous Passions.

Enter Dorothy *and* Trompart.

Dor. Signior Strombo, well met, I receiv'd your Letters by your Man here, who told me a pitiful Story of your an-

anguish, and so understanding your Passions were so great, I came hither speedily.

Strum. Oh, my sweet and Pigsney, the fecundity of my ingeny is not so great, that may declare unto you the sorrowful Sobs and broken Sleeps that I suffer'd for your sake; and therefore I desire you to receive me into your familiarity.

For your Love doth lie,
As near and as nigh,
Unto my Heart within,
As mine Eye to my Nose,
My Leg unto my Hose,
And my Flesh unto my Skin.

Dor. Truly, Mr. *Strumbo*, you speak too learnedly for me to understand the drift of your Mind, and therefore tell your Tale in plain terms, and leave off your dark Riddles.

Strum. Alas, Mistress *Dorothy*, this is my luck, that when I most would I cannot be understood: so that my great learning is an inconvenience unto me. But to speak in plain terms, I love you, Mistress *Dorothy*, if you like to accept me into your familiarity.

Dor. If this be all, I am content.

[*Turning to the People.*

Strum. Say'st thou so, sweet Wench, let me lick thy Toes. Farewel, Mistress. If any of you be in love, provide ye a Cap-Case full of new-coin'd words, and then shall you soon have the *fuccado de labres*, and something else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Locrine, Guendeline, Camber, Albanact, Corineus, Assarachus, Debon, *and* Thrasimachus.

Loc. Uncle and Princes of brave *Britany*,
Since that our noble Father is entomb'd,
As best beseem'd so brave a Prince as he;
If so you please, this day my Love and I,
Within the Temple of *Concordia*,
Will solemnize our Royal Marriage.

Thra.

Thra. Right noble Lord, your Subjects every one
Must needs obey your Highness at command,
Especially in such a Cause as this,
That much concerns your Highness' great content.
Loc. Then Frolick, Lordings, to fair *Concord*'s Walls,
Where we will pass the Day in Knightly Sports,
The Night in Dancing and in figur'd Masks,
And offer to God *Risus* all our Sports. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Ate *as before, after a little Lightning and Thundring, let there come forth this show.* Perseus *and* Andromeda, *hand in hand, and* Cepheus *also with Swords and Targets. Then let there come out of another Door* Phineus, *all black in Armour with* Æthiopians *after him, driving in* Perseus, *and having taken away* Andromeda, *let them depart.* Ate *remaining, says,*

Regit omnia numen.

WHEN *Perseus* married fair *Andromeda*,
The only Daughter of King *Cepheus*,
He thought he had establish'd well his Crown,
And that his Kingdom should for aye endure.
But lo proud *Phineus*, with a Band of Men,
Contriv'd of Sun-burnt *Æthiopians*,
By force of Arms the Bride he took from him,
And turn'd their joy into a flood of tears.
So fares it with young *Locrine* and his Love,
He thinks this Marriage tendeth to his weal,
But this foul day, this foul accursed day,
Is the beginning of his miseries.
Behold where *Humber* and his *Scythians*
Approacheth nigh with all his Warlike Train.
I need not I, the sequel shall declare,
What tragick chances fell out in this War. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Eſtrild, Segar, *and their Soldiers.*

Humb. At length the Snail doth climb the higheſt tops,
Aſcending up the ſtately Caſtle-Walls;
At length the Water with continual drops,
Doth penetrate the hardeſt Marble-Stone;
At length we are arrived in *Albion.*
Nor could the barbrrous *Dacian* Sovereign,
Nor yet the Ruler of brave *Belgia,*
Stay us from cutting over to this Iſle;
Whereas I hear a Troop of *Phrygians,*
Under the Conduct of *Poſthumius'* Son,
Have pitch'd up Lordly Pavilions,
And hope to proſper in this lovely Iſle:
But I will fruſtrate all their fooliſh Hope,
And teach them that the *Scythian* Emperor
Leads Fortune tied in a Chain of Gold,
Conſtraining her to yield unto his will,
And grace him with their Regal Diadem:
Which I will have, maugre their treble Hoſts,
And all the power their petty Kings can make.

Hub. If ſhe that rules fair *Rhamnis'* golden Gate,
Grant us the Honour of the Victory,
As hitherto ſhe always favour'd us,
Right noble Father, we will rule the Land,
Enthroniſed in Seats of Topaz-ſtones,
That *Locrine* and his Brethren all may know,
None muſt be King but *Humber* and his Son.

Hum. Courage my Son, Fortune ſhall favour us,
And yield to us the Coronet of Bays,
That decketh none but noble Conquerors.
But what ſaith *Eſtrild* to theſe Regions?
How liketh ſhe the temperature thereof?
Are they not pleaſant in her gracious Eyes?

Eſt. The Plains, my Lord, garniſh'd with *Flora's* wealth,
And over-ſpread with party-colour'd Flowers,
Do yield ſweet contentation to my mind;
The airy Hills enclos'd with ſhady Groves,
The Groves repleniſh'd with ſweet chirping Birds,

The

The Birds resounding heav'nly Melody,
Are equal to the Groves of *Thessaly*,
Where *Phœbus* with these learned Ladies nine,
Delight themselves with Musick's Harmony,
And from the moisture of the Mountain-tops,
The silent Springs dance down with murmuring streams;
And water all the ground with crystal Waves,
The gentle blasts of *Eurus* modest Wind,
Moving the partering Leaves of *Sylvane*'s Woods,
Do equal it with *Tempe*'s Paradise,
And thus consorted all to one effect,
Do make me think these are the happy Isles,
Most Fortunate if *Humber* may them win.

Hub. Madam, where Resolution leads the way,
And Courage follows with embolden'd pace,
Fortune can never use her Tyranny;
For Valiantness is like unto a Rock
That standeth on the Waves of Ocean,
Which though the Billows beat on every side,
And *Boreas* fell with his tempestuous Storms,
Bloweth upon it with a hideous clamour,
Yet it remaineth still unmoveable.

Hum. Kingly resolv'd, thou glory of thy Sire,
But, worthy *Segar*, what uncouth novelties
Bring'st thou unto our Royal Majesty?

Seg. My Lord, the youngest of all *Brutus*' Sons,
Stout *Albanact*, with millions of Men,
Approacheth nigh, and meaneth ere the Morn,
To try your force by dint of fatal Sword.

Hum. Tut, let him come with millions of Hosts;
He shall find entertainment good enough,
Yea, fit for those that are our Enemies:
For we'll receive them at the Lances points,
And massacre their Bodies with our Blades:
Yea, though they were in number infinite,
More than the mighty *Babylonian* Queen,
Semiramis the Ruler of the West,
Brought 'gainst the Emperor of the *Scythians*,
Yet would we not start back one foot from them,
That they might know we are invincible.

Hub.

Hub. Now by great *Jove*, the ſupreme King of Heav'n,
And the immortal Gods that live therein,
When as the Morning ſhews his chearful Face,
And *Lucifer* mounted upon his Steed,
Brings in the Chariot of the golden Sun,
I'll meet young *Albanact* in th' open Field,
And crack my Launce upon his Burganet,
To try the Valour of his boyiſh Strength:
There will I ſhew ſuch ruthful ſpectacles,
And cauſe ſo great effuſion of Blood,
That all his Boys ſhall wonder at my ſtrength.
As when the warlike Queen of *Amazons*,
Pentheſilea, armed with her Launce,
Girt with a Corſlet of bright ſhining Steel,
Coopt up the faint-heart *Grecians* in the Camp.
Hum. Spoke like a warlike Knight, my noble Son,
Nay, like a Prince that ſeeks his Father's Joy.
Therefore to-morrow e'er fair *Titan* ſhine,
And baſhful *Eos* Meſſenger of Light,
Expels the liquid ſleep from out Mens Eyes,
Thou ſhalt conduct the right Wing of the Hoſt,
The left Wing ſhall be under *Segar's* charge,
The Rearward ſhall be under me myſelf,
And lovely *Eſtrild*, fair and gracious,
If Fortune favour me in mine attempts,
Thou ſhalt be Queen of lovely *Albion*.
Fortune ſhall favour me in mine attempts,
And make thee Queen of lovely *Albion*.
Come let us in and muſter up our Train,
And furniſh up our luſty Soldiers,
That they may be a Bulwark to our ſtate,
And bring our wiſhed Joys to perfect end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Strumbo, Dorothy *and* Trompart, *cobling Shoes, and ſinging.*

Trom. *We Coblers lead a merry life:*
All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan.*
Strumb. *Void of all envy and ſtrife:*

All.

All. *Dan diddle dan.*
Dor. *Our eaſe is great, our labour ſmall:*
All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan,*
Strumb. *And yet our gains be much withal:*
All. *Dan, diddle, dan.*
Dor. *With this art ſo fine and fair:*
All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan.*
Trom. *No occupation may compare:*
All. *Dan, diddle, dan.*
Strumb. *For merry paſtime and joyful glee:*
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Dor. *Moſt happy Men we Coblers be:*
Dan, diddle, dan.
Trom. *The Can ſtands full of nappy Ale,*
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Strumb. *In our Shop ſtill withouten fail;*
Dan, diddle, dan.
Dor. *This is our Meat, this is our Food:*
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Trom. *This brings us to a merry mood:*
Dan, diddle, dan.
Strumb. *This makes us work for Company,*
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Dor. *To pull the Tankards chearfully:*
Dan, diddle, dan.
Trom. *Drink to thy Husband,* Dorothy,
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Dor. *Why then my* Strumbo *there's to thee:*
Dan, diddle, dan.
Strumb. *Drink thou the reſt* Trompart, *amain:*
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Dor. *When that is gone, we'll fill't again:*
Dan, diddle, dan.

Enter Captain.

Cap. The pooreſt ſtate is fartheſt from annoy;
How merrily he ſitteth on his Stool:
But when he ſees that needs he muſt be preſt,
He'll turn his note and ſing another tune.
Ho, by your leave maſter Cobler.

Strumb.

Strumb. You are welcome, Gentleman, what will you any old Shoes or Buskins, or will you have your Shoes clouted ? I will do them as well as any Cobler in *Cathnes* whatsoever. [*Captain shewing him Press-money.*

Capt. O Master Cobler, you are far deceiv'd in me, for done you see this ? I come not to buy any Shoes, but to buy yourself ; come, Sir, you must be a Soldier in the King's Cause.

Strumb. Why, but hear you, Sir, has your King any Commission to take any Man against his will? I promise you, I can scant believe it, or did he give you Commission ?

Capt. O Sir, you need not care for that, I need no Commission : hold here, I command you in the name of our King *Albanact*, to appear to-morrow in the Town-House of *Cathnes*.

Strumb. King *Nactaball*, I cry God mercy, what have we to do with him, or he with us ? but you, Sir Master Capontial, draw your Pastboard, or else I promise you, I'll give you a Canvasado with a Bastinado over your Shoulders, and teach you to come hither with your Implements.

Cap. I pray thee good fellow be content, I do the King's command.

Strumb. Put me out of your Book then.

Capt. I may not. [Strumbo *snatching up a staff.*

Strumb. None will, come, Sir, will your Stomach serve you, by *Gog*'s blue hood and halidom, I will have a bout with you. [*Fight both.*

Enter Thrasimachus.

Thra. How now, what noise, what sudden clamour's this? How now, my Captain and the Cobler so hard at it ? Sirs, what is your quarrel ?

Capt. Nothing, Sir, but that he will not take Press-money.

Thra. Here, good Fellow, take it at my command, Unless you mean to be stretch'd.

Strumb. Truly, Master Gentleman, I lack no Money, if you please I will resign it to one of these poor Fellows.

Thra. No such matter,
Look you, be at the common House to-morrow.

[*Exit* Thrasimachus *and the Captain.*

Strumb.

Strum. O Wife, I have ſpun a fair thread, if I had been quiet, I had not been preſt, and therefore well may I lament: But come ſirrah, ſhut up, for we muſt to the Wars. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Albanact, Debon, Thraſimachus, *and the Lords.*

Alba. Brave Cavaliers, Princes of *Albany*,
Whoſe trenchant Blades with our deceaſed Sire,
Paſſing the Frontiers of brave *Grecia*,
Were bathed in our Enemies lukewarm Blood,
Now is the time to manifeſt your wills,
Your haughty minds and reſolutions,
Now opportunity is offered
To try your courage and your earneſt zeal,
Which you always proteſt to *Albanact*;
For at this time, yea, at this preſent time,
Stout Fugitives come from the *Scythians* bounds
Have peſtred every place with mutinies:
But truſt me, Lordings, I will never ceaſe
To perſecute the raſcal Runnagates,
'Till all the Rivers ſtained with their Blood,
Shall fully ſhew their fatal Overthrow.

Deb. So ſhall your Highneſs merit great renown,
And imitate your aged Father's ſteps.

Alba. But tell me, Couſin, cam'ſt thou thro' the Plains?
And ſaw'ſt thou there the faint-heart Fugitives
Muſtring their Weather-beaten Soldiers,
What order keep they in their marſhalling?

Thra. After we paſt the Groves of *Caledone*,
We did behold the ſtragling *Scythians* Camp
Repleat with Men, ſtor'd with Munition;
There might we ſee the valiant-minded Knights
Fetching Careers along the ſpacious Plains,
Humber and *Hubba* arm'd in azure blue,
Mounted upon their Courſers white as Snow,
Went to behold the pleaſant flowring Fields;
Hector and *Troilus*, *Priamus'* lovely Sons,
Chaſing the *Grecians* over *Simois*,

Were

Were not to be compar'd to theſe two Knights.

Alba. Well has thou painted out in Eloquence
The Portraiture of *Humber* and his Son,
As fortunate as was *Polycrates.*
Yet ſhould they not eſcape our conquering Swords,
Or boaſt of aught but of our Clemency.

Enter Strumbo *and* Trompart, *crying often,*
Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch, *&c*

Thra. What Sirs, what mean you by theſe clamours made,
Thoſe outcries raiſed in our ſtately Court?

Strum. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Thra. Villains, I ſay, tell us the cauſe hereof?

Strum. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Thra. Tell me you Villains, why you make this noiſe,
Or with my Lance, I will prick your Bowels out.

All. Where are your Houſes, where's your dwelling-place?

Strum. Place, ha, ha, ha, laugh a month and a day at him; place! I cry God mercy, why do you think that ſuch poor honeſt Men as we be, hold our Habitacles in King's Palaces: ha, ha, ha. But becauſe you ſeem to be an abominable Chieftain, I will tell you our ſtate,

From the top to the toe,
From the head to the ſhoe;
From the beginning to the ending,
From the building to the burning.

This honeſt Fellow and I had our manſion Cottage in the Suburbs of this City, hard by the Temple of *Mercury.* And by the common Soldiers of the *Shittens,* the *Scychians,* what do you call them? with all the Suburbs, were burnt to the ground, and the aſhes are left there for the Country-wives to waſh Bucks withal. And that which grieves me moſt, my loving Wife, O cruel ſtrife! the wicked Flames did roaſt.

And therefore Captain Cruſt,
We will continually cry,
Except you ſeek a remedy,
Our Houſes to re-edify,
Which now are burnt to duſt.

Both

Both cry. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Alba. Well, we muſt remedy theſe outrages,
And throw revenge upon their hateful Heads,
And you good Fellows for your Houſes burnt,
We will remunerate your ſtore of Gold,
And build your Houſes by our Palace-Gate.

Strum. Gate! O petty Treaſon to my Perſon, no where elſe but by your backſide: Gate! oh how I am vexed in my Collar: Gate! I cry God mercy do you hear, Maſter *King?* If you mean to gratify ſuch poor Men, as we be, you muſt build our Houſes by the Tavern.

Alba. It ſhall be done, Sir.

Strum. Near the Tavern, ay, by Lady, Sir, it was ſpoken like a good Fellow, do you hear, Sir? when our Houſe is builded, if you do chance to paſs or repaſs that way, we will beſtow a Quart of the beſt Wine upon you. [*Exit.*

Alba. It grieves me, Lordings, that my Subjects goods
Should thus be ſpoiled by the *Scythians*,
Who as you ſee with light-foot Foragers,
Depopulate the Places where they come:
But, curſed *Humber*, thou ſhalt rue the day
That e'er thou cam'ſt unto *Cathneſia*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Thraſſier, *and their Soldiers.*

Hum. Hubba, go take a Coronet of our Horſe,
As many Lanciers, and light-armed Knights,
As may ſuffice for ſuch an enterpriſe,
And place them in the Grove of *Challidon:*
With theſe, when as the Skirmiſh doth encreaſe,
Retire thou from the ſhelters of the Wood,
And ſet upon the weakned *Trojans* backs.
For Policy, joined with Chivalry,
Can never be put back from Victory. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Albanact, *Clowns with him.*

Alba. Thou baſe-born *Hunn*, how durſt thou be ſo bold,
As once to menace warlike *Albanact*,
The great Commander of theſe Regions?
But thou ſhalt buy thy raſhneſs with thy Death,

And

And rue too late thy over-bold attempts,
For with this Sword, this Instrument of Death,
That hath been drenched in my Foe-men Blood,
I'll separate thy Body from thy Head;
And set that coward Blood of thine abroach.

Strum. Nay, with this Staff, great *Strumbo*'s Instrument,
I'll crack thy Cockscomb, paltry *Scythian.*

Hum. Nor wreak I of thy threats thou princox Boy,
Nor do I fear thy foolish Insolency;
And but thou better use thy bragging Blade,
Than thou dost rule thy overflowing Tongue,
Superbious *Briton*, thou shalt know too soon
The force of *Humber* and his *Scythians.*

[*They fight,* Humber *and his Soldiers run in.*

Strum. O horrible, terrible.

SCENE VI.

Sound the Alarm. Enter Humber *and his Soldiers.*

Hum. How bravely this young *Briton, Albanact,*
Darteth abroad the Thunderbolts of War,
Beating down Millions with his furious Mood:
And in his Glory triumphs over all,
Moving the massie Squadrants of the Ground;
Heap Hills on Hills, to scale the starry Sky:
As when *Briareus* arm'd with hundred Hands,
Flung forth an hundred Mountains at great *Jove,*
And when the monstrous Giant *Monychus*
Hurl'd Mount *Olympus* at great *Mars* his Targe,
And shot huge Cedars at *Minerva*'s Shield.
How doth he overlook with haughty Front
My fleeting Host, and lifts his lofty Face
Against us all that now do fear his Force;
Like as we see the wrathful Sea from far,
In a great Mountain heapt with hideous noise,
With thousand Billows beat against the Ships,
And tos them in the Waves like Tennis-Balls.

[*Sound the Alarm.*

Ah me, I fear my *Hubba* is surpris'd.

Sound

Sound again. Enter Albanact.

Alba. Follow me, Soldiers, follow *Albanact*;
Purſue the *Scythians* flying through the Field:
Let none of them eſcape with Victory:
That they may know the *Britons* force is more
Than all the Power of the trembling *Hunns.*

Thra. Forward brave Soldiers, forward, keep the chaſe,
He that takes Captive *Humber* or his Son,
Shall be rewarded with a Crown of Gold.

Sound Alarm, then let them fight, Humber *give back,* Hubba *enters at their backs, and kills* Debon, Strumbo *falls down,* Albanact *runs in, and afterwards enters wounded.*

Alba. Injurious Fortune, haſt thou croſt me thus?
Thus in the Morning of my Victories,
Thus in the Prime of my Felicity
To cut me off by ſuch hard overthrow.
Hadſt thou no time thy rancour to declare,
But in the Spring of all my Dignities?
Hadſt thou no place to ſpit thy Venom out,
But on the Perſon of young *Albanact?*
I that e'erwhile did ſcare mine Enemies,
And drove them almoſt to a ſhameful Flight:
I that e'erwhile full Lion-like did fare
Amongſt the dangers of the thick-throng'd Pikes,
Muſt now depart moſt lamentably ſlain
By *Humber*'s Treacheries and Fortune's ſpights:
Curſt be her Charms, damn'd be her curſed Charms,
That doth delude the wayward Hearts of Men,
Of Men that truſt unto her fickle Wheel,
Which never leaveth turning upſide-down.
O Gods, O Heav'ns, allot me but the place
Where I may find her hateful Manſion,
I'll paſs the *Alps* to watry *Meroe,*
Where fiery *Phœbus* in his Chariot,
The Wheels whereof are deck'd with Emeralds,
Caſts ſuch a Heat, yea ſuch a ſcorching Heat,
And ſpoileth *Flora* of her chequer'd Graſs;
I'll overturn the Mountain *Caucaſus,*
Where fell *Chimæra* in her triple Shape,

Rolleth

Rolleth hot Flames from out her monſtrous Panch,
Scaring the Beaſts with Iſſue of her Gorge;
I'll paſs the frozen Zone where Icy Flakes
Stopping the Paſſage of the fleeting Ships
Do lie, like Mountains in the congeal'd Sea,
Where if I find that hateful Houſe of hers,
I'll pull the fickle Wheel from out her Hands,
And tye her ſelf in everlaſting Bands.
But all in vain I breathe theſe Threatnings,
The Day is loſt, the *Hunns* are Conquerors,
Debon is ſlain, my Men are done to Death,
The Currents ſwift ſwim violently with Blood,
And laſt, O that this laſt Night ſo long laſt,
My ſelf with Wounds paſt all Recovery,
Muſt leave my Crown for *Humber* to poſſeſs.

Strum. Lord have Mercy upon us; Maſters, I think this is a Holy-day, every Man lies ſleeping in the Fields, but God knows full ſore againſt their Wills.

Thra. Fly, noble *Albanact*, and ſave thy ſelf;
The *Scythians* follow with great Celerity,
And there's no way but Flight, or ſpeedy Death,
Fly noble *Albanact*, and ſave thy ſelf. [*Sound the Alarm.*

Alba. Nay, let them fly that fear to die the Death,
That tremble at the Name of fatal *Mors*.
Ne'er ſhall proud *Humber* boaſt or brag himſelf,
That he hath put young *Albanact* to flight;
And leſt he ſhould triumph at my decay,
This Sword ſhall reave his Maſter of his Life,
That oft hath ſav'd his Maſter's doubtful Life:
But oh my Brethren, if you care for me,
Revenge my Death upon his Traitorous Head.

Et vos queis domus eſt nigrantis regia ditis,
Qui regitis rigido ſtygios moderamine lucos,
Nox cæci regina poli, furialis Erinnys,
Diique deæque omnes, Albanum tollite regem,
Tollite flumineis undis rigidaque palude;
Nunc me fata vocant, hoc condam pectore ferrum.

[Stabs himſelf.

Enter Trompart.

O what hath he done? his Noſe bleeds; but I ſmell a Fox.

Look where my Master lies; Master, Master.
Strum. Let me alone, I tell thee, for I am dead.
Trom. Yet one good, good, Master.
Strum. I will not speak, for I am dead, I tell thee.
Trom. *And is my Master dead?* [Singing.
O Sticks and Stones, Brickbats and Bones,
And is my Master dead?
O you Cockatrices, and you Bablatrices,
That in the Woods dwell:
You Briers and Brambles, you Cook-shops and Shambles,
Come howl and yell.
With howling and screeking, with wailing and weeping,
Come you to lament.
O Colliers of Croyden, *and Rusticks of* Royden,
And Fishers of Kent.
For Strumbo *the Cobler, the fine merry Cobler*
Of Cathnes *Town:*
At this same stoure, and this very hour
Lies dead on the Ground.
O Master, Thieves, Thieves, Thieves.
Strum. Where be they? cox me tunny, bebekin, let me be rising, be gone, we shall be robb'd by and by.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Thrassier, Estrild, *and the Soldiers.*

Hum. Thus from the dreadful Shocks of furious *Mars*,
Thundring Alarums, and *Rhamnusia*'s Drum,
We are retir'd with joyful Victory,
The slaughter'd *Trojans* squeltring in their Blood,
Infect the Air with their Carcasses,
And are a Prey for every rav'nous Bird.
Est. So perish they that are our Enemies:
So perish they that love not *Humber*'s Weal.
And mighty *Jove*, Commander of the World,
Protect my Love from all false Treacheries.
Hum. Thanks, lovely *Estrild*, solace to my Soul.
But, valiant *Hubba*, for thy Chivalry
Declar'd against the Men of *Albany*,
Lo here a flowring Garland wreath'd of Bay,

As

As a reward for this thy forward mind. [*Sets it on his Head.*
Hub. This unexpected Honour, noble Sir,
Will prick my Courage unto braver Deeds,
And cause me to attempt such hard Exploits,
That all the World shall sound of *Hubba*'s Name.
Hum. And now, brave Soldiers, for this good Success
Carouze whole Cups of *Amazonian* Wine,
Sweeter than *Nectar* or *Ambrosia*.
And cast away the Clods of cursed care,
With Goblets crown'd with *Semeleius* Gifts,
Now let us march to *Abis* Silver Strems,
That clearly glide along the *Champane* Fields,
And moist the grassie Meads with humid drops.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, sound up chearfully,
Sith we return with Joy and Victory. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Dumb Show. Enter Ate *as before. A Crocodile sitting on a River's Bank, and a little Snake stinging it. Then both of them fall into the Water.*

Ate. *Scelera in authorem cadunt.*
High on a Bank by *Nilus*' boist'rous Streams,
Fearfully sat th' *Egyptian* Crocodile,
Dreadfully grinding in her sharp long Teeth
The broken Bowels of a silly Fish;
His Back was arm'd against the dint of Spear,
With Shields of Brass that shin'd like burnisht Gold,
And as he stretched forth his cruel Paws,
A subtle Adder creeping closely near,
Thrusting his forked Sting into his Claws,
Privily shed his Poison through his Bones,
Which made him swell that there his Bowels burst,
That did so much in his own greatness trust.
So *Humber* having conquer'd *Albanact*,
Doth yield his Glory unto *Locrine*'s Sword.
Mark what ensues, and you may easily see,
That all our Life is but a Tragedy. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Locrine, Guendeline, Corineius, Assarachus, Thrasimachus, *and* Camber.

Loc. And is this true, is *Albanactus* slain?
Hath cursed *Humber* with his straggling Host,
With that his Army made of mungrel Curs,
Brought our redoubted Brother to his end?
O that I had the *Thracian Orpheus* Harp,
For to awake out of th' infernal Shade
Those ugly Devils of black *Erebus*,
That might torment the damned Traitor's Soul:
O that I had *Amphion*'s Instrument
To quicken with his vital Notes and Tunes
The flinty Joints of every stony Rock,
By which the *Scythians* might be punished;
For, by the lightning of almighty *Jove*,
The *Hunn* shall die, had he ten thousand Lives:
And would to God he had ten thousand Lives,
That I might with the arm-strong *Hercules*
Crop off so vile an *Hydra*'s hissing Heads.
But say me, Cousin, for I long to hear,
How *Albanact* came by untimely Death.

Thra. After the traitorous Host of *Scythians*
Entred the Field with Martial Equipage,
Young *Albanact*, impatient of delay,
Led forth his Army 'gainst the straggling Mates,
Whose multitude did daunt our Soldiers Minds,
Yet nothing could dismay the forward Prince;
But with a Courage most heroical,
Like to a Lion 'mongst a flock of Lambs,
Made havock of the faint-heart Fugitives,
Hewing a passage through them with his Sword;
Yea, we had almost giv'n them the Repulse,
When suddenly from out the silent Wood
Hubba with twenty thousand Soldiers,
Cowardly came upon our weakned Backs,
And murthered all with fatal Massacre;
Amongst the which old *Debon*, martial Knight,
With many wounds was brought unto the Death:
And *Albanact* oppress with multitude,

Whilst

Whilſt valiantly he fell'd his Enemies,
Yielded his life and honour to the Duſt.
He being dead, the Soldiers fled amain,
And I alone eſcaped them by flight,
To bring you tydings of thoſe Accidents.

Loc. Not aged *Priam*, King of ſtately *Troy*,
Grand Emperor of barb'rous *Aſia*,
When he beheld his noble-minded Son
Slain traitorouſly by all the *Mirmidons*,
Lamented more than I for *Albanact*.

Guen. Not *Hecuba* the Queen of *Ilium*,
When ſhe beheld the Town of *Pergamus*,
Her Palace burnt, with all-devouring flames,
Her fifty Sons and Daughters freſh of hue,
Murther'd by wicked *Pyrrhus* bloody Sword,
Shed ſuch ſad Tears as I for *Albanact*.

Cam. The grief of *Niobe*, fair *Athens* Queen
For her ſeven Sons magnanimous in Field,
For her ſeven Daughters fairer than the faireſt,
Is not to be compar'd with my laments.

Cor. In vain you ſorrow for the ſlaughter'd Prince,
In vain you ſorrow for his overthrow;
He loves not moſt that doth lament the moſt,
But he that ſeeks to venge the Injury.
Think you to quell the Enemies warlike Train,
With childiſh Sobs and womaniſh Laments?
Unſheath your Swords, unſheath your conqu'ring Swords,
And ſeek revenge, the comfort for this ſore:
In *Cornwall*, where I hold my Regiment,
Even juſt ten thouſand valiant Men at Arms
Hath *Corineius* ready at command:
All theſe and more, if need ſhall more require,
Hath *Corincius* ready at command.

Cam. And in the Fields of martial *Cambria*,
Cloſe by the boiſt'rous *Iſcan*'s Silver Streams,
Where light-foot Fairies skip from Bank to Bank,
Full twenty thouſand brave couragious Knights,
Well exercis'd in feats of Chivalry,
In manly manner moſt invincible,
Young *Camber* hath with Gold and Victual.
All theſe and more, if need ſhall more require,

I offer up to venge my Brother's Death.
Loc. Thanks, loving Uncle, and good Brother too,
For this Revenge, for this sweet word Revenge
Must ease and cease my wrongful Injuries;
And by the Sword of bloody *Mars* I swear,
Ne'er shall sweet quiet enter this my Front,
'Till I be venged on his traitorous Head,
That slew my noble Brother *Albanact*.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, muster up the Camp,
For we will straight march to *Albania*. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.

Enter Humber, Estrild, Hubba, Thrassier, *and the Soldiers*.

Hum. Thus are we come, victorious Conqueror,
Unto the flowing Current's silver Streams,
Which in memorial of our Victory,
Shall be agnominated by our Name,
And talked of by our Posterity:
For sure I hope before the Golden Sun
Poseth his Horses to fair *Thetis'* Plains,
To see the Waters turned into Blood,
And change his blueish Hue to rueful red,
By reason of the fatal Massacre,
Which shall be made upon the virent Plains.

Enter the Ghost of Albanact.

Ghost. See how the Traitor doth presage his harm.
See how he glories at his own decay,
See how he triumphs at his proper Loss,
O Fortune vile, unstable, fickle, frail!
Hum. Methinks I see both Armies in the Field,
The broken Lances climb the Crystal Skies,
Some headless lie, some breathless on the Ground,
And every place is strew'd with Carcasses,
Behold the Grass hath lost his pleasant green,
The sweetest Sight that ever might be seen.
Ghost. Ay Traitorous *Humber*, thou shalt find it so,
Yea, to thy cost thou shalt the same behold,
With Anguish, Sorrow, and with sad Laments:
The grassie Plains, that now do please thine Eyes,
Shall ere the Night be colour'd all with Blood;

The shady Groves that now inclose thy Camp,
And yield sweet savour to thy damned Corps,
Shall ere the Night be figured all with Blood;
The profound Stream that passed by thy Tents,
And with his Moisture serveth all thy Camp,
Shall ere the Night converted be to blood.
Yea, with the Blood of those thy straggling Boys:
For now Revenge shall ease my lingring Grief,
And now Revenge shall glut my longing Soul.

Hub. Let come what will, I mean to bear it out,
And either live with glorious Victory,
Or die with Fame renown'd for Chivalry:
He is not worthy of the Honey-comb,
That shuns the Hives because the Bees have stings;
That likes me best that is not got with ease,
Which thousand Dangers do accompany;
For nothing can dismay our regal Mind;
Which aims at nothing but a Golden Crown,
The only upshot of mine enterprises.
Were they inchanted in grim *Pluto*'s Court,
And kept for treasure 'mongst his hellish Crew,
I would either quell the tripple *Cerberus*
And all the Army of his hateful Hags,
Or roll the Stone with wretched *Sysiphus*.

Hum. Right martial be thy Thoughts, my noble Son,
And all thy words savour of Chivalry.

Enter Segar.

But, warlike *Segar*, what strange Accidents
Make you to leave the warding of the Camp?

Segar. To Arms, my Lord, to honourable Arms;
Take helm and targe in Hand, the *Britons* come
With greater Multitude than erst the *Greeks*
Brought to the Ports of *Phrygidian Tenedos*.

Hum. But what saith *Segar* to these Accidents?
What Counsel gives he in Extremities?

Segar. Why this, my Lord, experience teacheth us,
That Resolution's a sole help at need,
And this, my Lord, our Honour teacheth us,
That we be bold in every enterprise;
Then since there is no way but fight or die,
Be resolute, my Lord, for Victory.

Hum. And resolute, *Segar*, I mean to be,
Perhaps some blissful Star will favour us,
And comfort bring to our perplexed State:
Come let us in and fortifie our Camp,
So to withstand their strong Invasion. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Strumbo, Trompart, Oliver *and his Son* William *following them.*

Strum. Nay, Neighbour *Oliver*, if you be so whot, come prepare your self, you shall find two as stout Fellows of us, as any in all the North.

Oliv. No by my droth Neighbour *Strumbo*, Ich zee dat you are a Man of small zideration, dat will zeek to injure your old vreends, one of your vamiliar guests, and derefore zeeing your pinion is to deal withouten reazon, Ich and my zonne *William* will take dat course, dat shall be fardest vrom reason; how zay you, will you have my Daughter or no?

Strum. A very hard question, Neighbour, but I will solve it as I may; what reason have you to demand it of me?

Will. Marry Sir, what reason had you when my Sister was in the barn to trumble her upon the Hay, and to fish her Belly?

Strum. Mass thou say'st true; well, but would you have me marry her therefore? No, I scorn her, and you, and you: Ay, I scorn you all.

Oliv. You will not have her then?

Strum. No, as I am a true Gentleman.

Will. Then will we school you, ere you and we part hence.

Enter Margery, *and snatches the Staff out of her Brother's Hand as he is fighting.*

Strum. Ay you come in Pudding-time, or else I had drest them.

Mar. You Master Saucebox, Lobcocks, Cockscomb, you Slopsauce, Lickfingers, will you not hear?

Strum. Who speak you to, me?

Mar. Ay, Sir, to you, *John* Lack-honesty, little Wit, is it you that will have none of me?

Strum.

Strum. No by my troth, Mistress Nicebice, how fine you can Nick-name me; I think you were brought up in the University of *Bridewell*, you have your Rhetorick so ready at your Tongue's end, as if you were never well warn'd when you were young.

Mar. Why then Goodman cods-head, if you will have none of me, farewel.

Strum. If you be so plain, Mistress Driggle-draggle, fare you well.

Mar. Nay, Master *Strumbo*, ere you go from hence we must have more words, you will have none of me? [*They fight.*

Strum. Oh my Head, my Head, leave, leave, leave, I will, I will, I will.

Mar. Upon that condition I let thee alone.

Oliv. How now Master *Strumbo*, hath my Daughter taught you a new Lesson?

Strum. Ay but hear you, Goodman *Oliver*, it will not be for my ease to have my Head broken every Day, therefore remedy this and we shall agree.

Oliv. Well Son, well, for you are my Son now, all shall be remedied, Daughter be Friends with him.

[*Shake Hands.*

Strum. You are a sweet Nut, the Devil crack you. Masters, I think it be my luck, my first Wife was a loving quiet Wench, but this I think would weary the Devil. I would she might be burnt as my other Wife was; if not, I must run to the Halter for help. O Codpiece, thou hast undone thy Master, this it is to be medling with warm Plackets. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Corineus, Thrasimachus, *and* Assarachus.

Loc. Now am I guarded with an host of Men,
Whose haughty Courage is invincible:
Now am I hem'd with Troops of Soldiers,
Such as might force *Bellona* to retire,
And make her tremble at their Puissance.
Now sit I like the mighty God of War,
When armed with his Coat of Adamant,
Mounted his Chariot drawn with mighty Bulls,

He drove the *Argives* over *Xanthus* Streams:
Now, curſed *Humber*, doth thy end draw nigh,
Down goes the Glory of his Victories;
And all his Fame, and all his high Renown,
Shall in a moment yield to *Locrine*'s Sword:
Thy bragging Banners croſt with argent Streams,
The Ornaments of thy Pavilions,
Shall all be captivated with this Hand,
And thou thy ſelf, at *Albanactus*' Tomb
Shalt offer'd be, in Satisfaction
Of all the wrongs thou didſt him when he liv'd.
But canſt thou tell me, brave *Thraſimachus*,
How far we are diſtant from *Humber's* Camp.

Thra. My Lord, within yon foul accurſed Grove,
That bears the Tokens of our overthrow,
This *Humber* hath intrench'd his damned Camp.
March on, my Lord, becauſe I long to ſee
The treacherous *Scythians* ſqueltring in their gore.

Loc. Sweet Fortune, favour *Locrine* with a ſmile,
That I may venge my noble Brother's Death,
And in the midſt of ſtately *Troynovant*,
I'll build a Temple to thy Deity
Of perfect Marble, and of *Jacinth* Stones,
That it ſhall paſs the higheſt *Pyramids*,
Which with their top ſurmount the ſtrnament.

Cam. The arm-ſtrong Off-ſpring of the doubted Knight,
Stout *Hercules*, *Alcmena*'s mighty Son,
That tam'd the Monſters of the three-fold World,
And rid the oppreſſed from the Tyrants Yokes,
Did never ſhew ſuch valiantneſs in Fight,
As I will now for noble *Albanact*.

Cor. Full fourſcore Years hath *Corineius* liv'd,
Sometimes in War, ſometimes in quiet Peace,
And yet I feel my ſelf to be as ſtrong,
As erſt I was in Summer of mine Age,
Able to toſs this great unwieldly Club,
Which hath been painted with my foe-mens Brains:
And with this Club I'll break the ſtrong array
Of *Humber* and his ſtragling Soldiers,
Or loſe my Life amongſt the thickeſt preſs,
And die with Honour in my lateſt Days:

Yet

Yet ere I die they all shall understand,
What force lies in stout *Corineius* Hand.
Thra. And if *Thrasimachus* detract the Fight,
Either for weakness or for cowardise,
Let him not boast that *Brutus* was his Eame,
Or that brave *Corineius* was his Sire.
Loc. Then courage, Soldiers, first for your Safety,
Next for your Peace, last for your Victory. [*Exeunt.*
Sound the Alarm. Enter Hubba *and* Segar *at one Door, and* Corineius *at the other.*
Cor. Art thou that *Humber*, Prince of Fugitives,
That by thy Treason slew'st young *Albanact?*
Hub. I am his Son that slew young *Albanact*,
And if thou take not heed, proud *Phrygian*,
I'll send thy Soul unto the *Stygian* Lake;
There to complain of *Humber*'s Injuries.
Cor. You triumph, Sir, before the Victory,
For *Corineius* is not so soon slain.
But, cursed *Scythians*, you shall rue the Day,
That e'er you came into *Albania.*
So perish they that envy *Britain*'s wealth,
So let them die with endless infamy,
And he that seeks his Sovereign's overthrow,
Would his my Club might aggravate his Woe.
[*Strikes them both down with his Club.*
Enter Humber.
Hum. Where may I find some desart Wilderness,
Where I may breathe out curses as I would,
And scare the Earth with my condemning Voice,
Where every Echo's repercussion
May help me to bewail my Overthrow,
And aid me in my sorrowful laments?
Where may I find some hollow uncouth Rock,
Where I may damn, condemn, and ban my fill,
The Heav'ns, the Hell, the Earth, the Air, the Fire,
And utter curses to the concave Sky,
Which may infect the airy Regions,
And light upon the *Briton Locrine*'s Head?
You ugly Spirits that in *Cocytus* mourn,
And gnash your Teeth with dolorous laments,
You fearful dogs that in black *Lethe* howl,

And scare the Ghosts with your wide open throats,
You ugly Ghosts that flying from these dogs,
Do plunge yourselves in *Puriflegiton*.
Come all of you, and with your shrieking notes
Accompany the *Britons* Conquering Host.
Come fierce *Erinnys*, horrible with Snakes,
Come ugly Furies, armed with your Whips,
You threefold Judges of black *Tartarus*,
And all the Army of your hellish Fiends,
With new-found torments rack proud *Locrine*'s Bones.
O Gods and Stars, damn'd be the Gods and Stars,
That did not drown me in fair *Thetis*' Plains.
Curst be the Sea that with outragious Waves,
With surging Billows did not rive my Ships
Against the Rocks of high *Ceraunia*,
Or swallowed me into her watry Gulf.
Would God we had arriv'd upon the Shore
Where *Polyphemus* and the *Cyclops* dwell,
Or where the bloody *Anthropophagi*
With greedy Jaws devour the wandring Wights.

Enter the Ghost of Albanact.

But why comes *Albanactus*' bloody Ghost
To bring a cor'sive to our miseries!
Is't not enough to suffer shameful flight,
But we must be tormented now with Ghosts?
With Apparitions fearful to behold?

Ghost. Revenge, revenge for Blood.

Hum. So, nought will satisfie your wandring Ghost,
But dire revenge, nothing but *Humber*'s fall,
Because he conquer'd you in *Albany*.
Now by my Soul, *Humber* would be condemn'd
To *Tantal*'s Hunger, or *Ixion*'s Wheel,
Or to the *Vulture* of *Prometheus*,
Rather than that this Murther were undone.
When as I die I'll drag thy curst Ghost
Through all the Rivers of foul *Erebus*,
Through burning Sulphur of the Limbo-lake,
To allay the burning fury of that heat,
That rageth in mine everlasting Soul.

Ghost. Vindicta, vindicta. [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Ate *as before. Then* Omphale *Daughter to the King of* Lydia, *having a Club in her Hand, and a Lion's skin on her Back,* Hercules *following with a Distaff. Then* Omphale *turns, and taking off her Pantofle, strikes* Hercules *on the Head, then they depart.* Ate *remaining, says;*

Quem non Argolici mandata severa Tyranni,
Non potuit Juno *vincere, vicit amor.*

Stout *Hercules,* the mirror of the World,
Son to *Alcmena* and great *Jupiter,*
After so many Conquests won in Field,
After so many Monsters quell'd by force,
Yielded his valiant Heart to *Omphale,*
A fearful Woman void of manly strength:
She took the Club, and wore the Lion's Skin,
He took the Wheel, and maidenly 'gan spin.
So Martial *Locrine* cheer'd with Victory,
Falleth in love with *Humber*'s Concubine,
And so forgetteth peerless *Guendeline.*
His Uncle *Corineius* storms at this,
And forceth *Locrine* for his Grace to sue,
Lo here the Sum, the Process doth ensue. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Corineius, Assarachus, Thrasimachus, *and the Soldiers.*

Loc. Thus from the fury of *Bellona*'s broils,
With sound of Drum and Trumpets melody,
The *Britain* King returns triumphantly,
The *Scythians* slain with great occision,
Do equalize the Grass in multitude,
And with their Blood have stain'd the streaming Brooks,
Offering their Bodies and their dearest Blood
As sacrifice to *Albanactus* Ghost.
Now cursed *Humber* hast thou paid thy due,
For thy Deceits and crafty Treacheries,
For all thy Guiles, and damned Stratagems,
With loss of Life and everduring shame.

Where

Where are thy Horſes trap'd with burniſh'd Gold,
Thy trampling Courſers rul'd with foaming bits?
Where are thy Soldiers ſtrong and numberleſs?
Thy valiant Captains, and thy noble Peers;
Ev'n as the Country Clowns with ſharpeſt Scythes,
Do mow the wither'd Graſs from off the Earth;
Or as the Plough-man with his piercing Share
Renteth the Bowels of the fertile Fields,
And rippeth up the Roots with Razors keen;
So *Locrine*, with his mighty curtle Axe,
Hath cropped off the Heads of all thy *Hunns*,
So *Locrine*'s Peers have daunted all thy Peers,
And drove thy Hoſt unto Confuſion,
That thou may'ſt ſuffer Penance for thy fault,
And die for murdering valiant *Albanact*.

Cori. And thus, yea thus, ſhall all the reſt be ſerv'd,
That ſeek to enter *Albion* 'gainſt our wills.
If the brave Nation of the *Troglodites*,
If all the coal-black *Æthiopians*,
If all the Forces of the *Amazons*,
If all the Hoſt of the *Barbarian* Lands,
Should dare to enter this our little World,
Soon ſhould they rue their over-bold attempts,
That after us our Progeny may ſay,
There lies the Beaſt that fought to uſurp our Land.

Loc. Ay, they are Beaſts that ſeek to uſurp our Land,
And like to brutiſh Beaſts they ſhall be ſerv'd.
For mighty *Jove*, the ſupreme King of Heav'n,
That guides the concourſe of the *Meteors*,
And rules the motion of the azure Sky,
Fights always for the *Britains* ſafety.
But ſtay, methinks, I hear ſome ſhrieking noiſe,
That draweth near to our Pavillion.

Enter Soldiers leading in Eſtrild.

Eſt. What Prince ſoe'er adorn'd with golden Crown,
Doth ſway the Regal Sceptre in his Hand!
And thinks no chance can ever throw him down,
Or that his ſtate ſhall everlaſting ſtand,
Let him behold poor *Eſtrild* in this plight,
The perfect Platform of a troubled Wight.
Once was I guarded with mavortial bands,

Compaſt

Compact with Princes of the noble Blood.
Now am I fallen into my Foe-mens hands,
And with my death must pacify their mood.
O Life, the harbour of calamities,
O Death, the haven of all miseries,
I could compare my sorrows to thy woe,
Thou wretched Queen of wretched *Pergamus*,
But that thou view'dst thy Enemies overthrow,
Nigh to the Rock of high *Caphareus*.
Thou saw'st their death, and then departed'st thence,
I must abide the victor's insolence.
The Gods that pitied thy continual grief,
Transform'd thy Corps, and with thy Corps thy care,
Poor *Estrild* lives despairing of relief,
For Friends in trouble are but few and rare.
What, said I, few? Ay, few or none at all,
For cruel Death made havock of them all.
Thrice happy they, whose fortune was so good,
To end their lives, and with their lives their woes;
Thrice hapless I, whom Fortune so withstood,
That cruelly she gave me to my Foes.
O Soldiers, is there any misery
To be compar'd to Fortune's treachery?

Loc. Camber, this same should be the *Scythian* Queen.

Cam. So may we judge by her lamenting words.

Loc. So fair a Dame mine Eyes did never see,
With floods of woes she seems o'erwhelm'd to be.

Cam. O *Locrine*, hath she not a cause for to be sad?

[Locrine *at one end of the Stage.*

Loc. If she have cause to weep for *Humber*'s death,
And shed salt tears for her Overthrow:
Locrine may well bewail his proper grief,
Locrine may move his own peculiar woe.
He being conquer'd, died a speedy death,
And felt not long his lamentable smart;
I being a Conqueror, live a lingring Life,
And feel the force of *Cupid*'s sudden stroke.
I gave him cause to die a speedy death,
He left me cause to wish a speedy death.
O that sweet Face painted with Nature's dye,
Those roseal Cheeks mixt with a snowy white,

That

That decent Neck surpassing Ivory,
Those comely Breasts which *Venus* well might spite,
Are like to snares which wily fowlers wrought,
Wherein my yielding Heart is prisoner caught.
The golden tresses of her dainty Hair,
Which shine like Rubies glittering with the Sun,
Have so entrap'd poor *Locrine*'s love-sick Heart,
That from the same no way it can be won.
How true is that which oft I heard declar'd,
One dram of Joy must have a pound of Care?

Est. Hard is their fall, who from a Golden Crown
Are cast into a Sea of wretchedness.

Loc. Hard is their thrall, who by *Cupid*'s frown
Are wrapt in Waves of endless carefulness.

Est. O Kingdom, Object to all miseries.

Loc. O Love, the extream'st of all extremities.

[*Goes into his Chair.*

Sold. My Lord, in ransacking the *Scythian* Tents,
I found this Lady, and to manifest
That earnest Zeal I bear unto your Grace,
I here present her to your Majesty.

Another Sold. He lyes, my Lord, I found the Lady first,
And here present her to your Majesty.

1 *Sold.* Presumptuous Villain, wilt thou take my prize?

2 *Sold.* Nay rather thou depriv'st me of my right.

1 *Sold.* Resign thy Title, Caitive unto me,
Or with my Sword I'll pierce thy Coward's Loins.

2 *Sold.* Soft words, good Sir, 'tis not enough to speak:
A barking Dog doth seldom Strangers bite.

Loc. Unreverent Villains, strive you in our sight?
Take them hence, Jailor, to the Dungeon,
There let them lie and try their quarrel out;
But thou, fair Princess, be no whit dismay'd,
But rather joy that *Locrine* favours thee.

Est. How can he favour me that slew my Spouse?

Loc. The chance of War, my Love, took him from thee.

Est. But *Locrine* was the causer of his death.

Loc. He was an Enemy to *Locrine*'s State,
And slew my noble Brother *Albanact*.

Est. But he was link'd to me in Marriage-bond,
And would you have me love his slaughterer?

Loc. Better to live, than not to live at all. *Est.*

Eſt. Better to die renown'd for chaſtity,
Than live with ſhame and endleſs infamy.
What would the common ſort report of me,
If I forget my love, and cleave to thee?
Loc. King's need not fear the vulgar ſentences.
Eſt. But Ladies muſt regard their honeſt Name.
Loc. Is it a ſhame to live in Marriage-bonds
Eſt. No, but to be a Strumpet to a King.
Loc. If thou wilt yield to *Locrine*'s burning Love,
Thou ſhalt be Queen of fair *Albania*.
Eſt. But *Guendeline* will undermine my State.
Loc. Upon mine Honour, thou ſhalt have no harm.
Eſt. Then lo, brave *Locrine*, *Eſtrild* yields to thee,
And by the Gods, whom thou doſt invocate,
By the dread Ghoſt of thy deceaſed Sire,
By thy right-hand, and by thy burning Love,
Take pity on poor *Eſtrild*'s wretched thrall.
Cori. Hath *Locrine* then forgot his *Guendeline*,
That thus he courts the *Scythians* Paramour?
What, are the words of *Brute* ſo ſoon forgot?
Are my deſerts ſo quickly out of mind?
Have I been faithful to thy Sire now dead?
Have I protected thee from *Humber*'s hand,
And do'ſt thou quit me with Ungratitude?
Is this the Guerdon for my grievous wounds?
Is this the Honour for my labours paſt?
Now by my Sword, *Locrine*, I ſwear to thee,
This Injury of thine ſhall be repaid.
Loc. Uncle, ſcorn you your Royal Sovereign,
As if we ſtood for Cyphers in the Court?
Upbraid you me with thoſe your benefits?
Why, it was a Subject's duty ſo to do.
What you have done for our deceaſed Sire
We know, and all know, you have your reward.
Cori. Avant, proud Princox, brav'ſt thou me withal?
Aſſure thy ſelf though thou be Emperor,
Thou ne'er ſhalt carry this unpuniſhed.
Cam. Pardon my Brother, noble *Corineius*,
Pardon this once, and it ſhall be amended.
Aſſa. Couſin, remember *Brutus* lateſt words,
How he deſired you to cheriſh them:

Let

Let not this fault so much incense your Mind,
Which is not yet passed all remedy.
Cori. Then *Locrine*, lo I reconcile my self,
But as thou lov'st thy Life, so love thy Wife.
But if thou violate those promises,
Blood and revenge shall light upon thy Head.
Come, let us back to stately *Troynovant*,
Where all these matters shall be settled.
Loc. Millions of Devils wait upon thy Soul, [*To himself.*
Legions of Spirits vex thy impious Ghost:
Ten thousand Torments rack thy cursed bones.
Let every thing that hath the use of Breath,
Be instruments and workers of thy death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Humber *alone, his Hair hanging over his Shoulders, his Arms all bloody, and a Dart in one Hand.*

Hum. What Basilisk hath hatched in this place,
Where every thing consumed is to nought?
What fearful Fury haunts these cursed Groves,
Where not a root is left for *Humber's* Meat?
Hath fell *Alecto* with envenom'd blasts,
Breathed forth poison in these tender Plains?
Hath tripple *Cerberus* with contagious foam,
Sow'd *Aconitum* 'mongst these wither'd Herbs?
Hath dreadful *Fames* with her charming rods
Brought barrenness on every fruitful Tree?
What not a Root, no Fruit, no Beast, no Bird,
To nourish *Humber* in this Wilderness?
What would you more, you Fiends of *Erebus?*
My very Intrails burn for want of drink,
My Bowels cry, *Humber* give us some meat,
But wretched *Humber* can give you no meat,
These foul accursed Groves afford no meat:
This fruitless soil, this ground brings forth no meat,
The Gods, hard-hearted Gods, yield me no meat,
Then how can *Humber* give you any meat?

Enter Strumbo *with a Pitch-fork and a* Scotch *Cap.*

Strum. How do you, Masters, how do you? how have you 'scaped hanging this long time? i'faith I have 'scaped many a scouring this Year, but I thank God I have past them

them all with a good couragio, couragio, and my Wife and I are in great love and charity now, I thank my manhood and my ſtrength; for I will tell you, Maſters, upon a certain Day at Night I came home, to ſay the very truth, with my Stomach full of Wine, and ran up into the Chamber, where my Wife ſoberly ſate rocking my little Baby, leaning her back againſt the Bed, ſinging lullaby. Now when ſhe ſaw me come with my Noſe foremoſt, thinking that I had been drunk, as I was indeed, ſnatch'd up a Faggot-ſtick in her hand, and came furiouſly marching towards me, with a big Face, as though ſhe would have eaten me at a bit; thundering out theſe words unto me, Thou drunken Knave, where haſt thou been ſo long? I ſhall teach thee how to benight me another time; and ſo ſhe began to play Knaves-Trumps. Now, although I trembled, fearing ſhe would ſet her ten Commandments in my Face, ran within her, and taking her luſtily by the middle, I carried her valiantly to the Bed, and flinging her upon it, flung my ſelf upon her, and there I delighted her ſo with the ſport I made, that ever after ſhe would call me ſweet Huſband, and ſo baniſh'd brawling for ever; and to ſee the good Will of the Wench, ſhe bought with her Portion a Yard of Land, and by that I am now become one of the richeſt Men in our Pariſh. Well, Maſters, what's a Clock? It is now Breakfaſt time, you ſhall ſee what meat I have here for my Breakfaſt.

[*He ſits down and pulls out his Victuals.*

Hum. Was ever Land ſo fruitleſs as this Land?
Was ever Grove ſo graceleſs as this Grove?
Was ever Soil ſo barren as this Soil?
Oh no: The Land where hungry *Fames* dwelt,
May no ways equalize this curſed Land;
No, even the Climate of the Torrid Zone
Brings forth more fruit than this accurſed Grove.
Ne'er came ſweet *Ceres*, ne'er came *Venus* here;
Triptolemus the God of Huſbandmen,
Ne'er ſow'd his Seed in this foul Wilderneſs.
The hunger-bitten Dogs of *Acheron*,
Chac'd from the nine-fold *Puriphlegiton*,
Have ſet their Footſteps in this damned Ground.
The Iron-hearted Furies arm'd with Snakes,

Scatter'd

Scatter'd huge *Hydra's* over all the Plains,
Which have consum'd the Grass, the Herbs, the Trees;
Which have drunk up the flowing Water-Springs.

[Strumbo *hearing his Voice starts up, and puts his Meat in his Pocket, seeking to hide himself.*

Hum. Thou great Commander of the starry Sky,
That guid'st the Life of every mortal Wight,
From the inclosures of the fleeting Clouds
Rain down some Food, or else I faint and die;
Pour down some Drink, or else I faint and die.
O *Jupiter*, hast thou sent *Mercury*
In clownish Shape to minister some Food?
Some Meat, some Meat, some Meat.

Strum. O alas, Sir, ye are deceiv'd, I am not *Mercury*, I am *Strumbo*.

Hum. Give me some Meat, Villain, give me some Meat,
Or 'gainst this Rock I'll dash thy curled Brains,
And rend thy Bowels with my bloody Hands;
Give me some Meat, Villain, give me some Meat.

Strum. By the Faith of my Body, good Fellow, I had rather give a whole Ox, than that thou shouldst serve me in that sort. Dash out my Brains! O horrible, terrible. I think I have a quarry of Stones in my Pocket.

He makes as though he would give him some, and as he putteth out his Hand, enters the Ghost of Albanact, *and strikes him on the Hand, and so* Strumbo *runs out;* Humber *following him.* [*Exeunt.*

Ghost. Lo here the Gift of fell Ambition,
Of Usurpation and of Treachery,
Lo here the harms that wait upon all those
That do intrude themselves in others Lands,
Which are not under their Dominion. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Locrine *alone.*

Loc. Seven Years hath aged *Corineius* liv'd
To *Locrine's* Grief, and fair *Estrilda's* Woe,
And seven Years more he hopeth yet to live:
Oh supreme *Jove*, annihilate this thought.

Should

Should he enjoy the Air's Fruition?
Should he enjoy the Benefit of Life?
Should he contemplate the radiant Sun,
That makes my Life equal to dreadful Death?
Venus convey this Monster from the Earth,
That disobeyeth thus thy sacred Hests;
Cupid convey this Monster to dark Hell,
That disannuls thy Mother's sugar'd Laws.
Mars with thy Target all beset with Flames,
With murthering Blade bereave him of his Life,
That hindreth *Locrine* in his sweetest Joys.
And yet for all his diligent aspect,
His wrathful Eyes piercing like Linces Eyes,
Well have I over-match'd his Subtilty.
Nigh *Deucolitum* by the pleasant *Lee*,
Where brackish *Thamis* slides with silver Streams,
Making a Breach into the grassy Downs,
A curious Arch of costly Marble fraught,
Hath *Locrine* framed underneath the Ground,
The Walls whereof, garnisht with Diamonds,
With Ophirs, Rubies, glistering Emeralds,
And interlac'd with Sun-bright Carbuncles,
Lightens the room with artificial Day,
And from the *Lee* with water-flowing Pipes
The moisture is deriv'd into this Arch,
Where I have plac'd fair *Estrild* secretly.
Thither eftsoons accompanied with my Page,
I covertly visit my Heart's desire,
Without suspicion of the meanest Eye,
For Love aboundeth still with Policy.
And thither still means *Locrine* to repair,
'Till *Atropos* cut off mine Uncle's Life. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Humber *alone, saying*;

O vita misero longa, fœlici brevis!
Eheu malorum fames extremum malum.

Long have I lived in this desart Cave,
With eating Haws and miserable Roots,
Devouring Leaves and beastly Excrements.

Caves

Caves were my Beds, and Stones my Pillowberes,
Fear was my Sleep, and Horror was my Dream;
For ſtill methought at every boiſterous Blaſt,
Now *Locrine* comes, now *Humber* thou muſt die;
So that for Fear and Hunger, *Humber*'s Mind
Can never reſt, but always trembling ſtands.
O what *Danubius* now may quench my Thirſt?
What *Euphrates*, what light-foot *Euripus*
May now allay the Fury of that Heat,
Which raging in my Entrails eats me up?
You ghaſtly Devils of the ninefold *Styx*,
You damned Ghoſts of joyleſs *Acheron*,
You mournful Souls, vext in *Abyſſus* Vaults,
You cole-black Devils of *Avernus* Pond,
Come with your Fleſh-hooks, rend my famiſht Arms,
Theſe Arms that have ſuſtain'd their Maſter's Life;
Come with your Razors rip my Bowels up,
With your ſharp Fire-forks crack my ſtarved Bones,
Uſe me as you will, ſo *Humber* may not live.
Accurſed Gods that rule the ſtarry Poles,
Accurſed *Jove*, King of th' accurſed Gods,
Caſt down your Lightning on poor *Humber*'s Head,
That I may leave this Death-like Life of mine.
What hear you not, and ſhall not *Humber* die?
Nay I will die, though all the Gods ſay nay.
And gentle *Aby* take my troubled Corps,
Take it and keep it from all mortal Eyes,
That none may ſay, when I have loſt my Breath,
The very Floods conſpir'd 'gainſt *Humber*'s Death.
[*Flings himſelf into the River.*

Enter the Ghoſt of Albanact.

En cædem ſequitur, cædes in cæde quieſco.
Humber is dead, joy Heav'ns, leap Earth, dance Trees;
Now may'ſt thou reach thy Apples, *Tantalus*,
And with 'em feed thy hunger-bitten Limbs.
Now *Syſiphus* leave tumbling of thy Rock,
And reſt thy reſtleſs Bones upon the ſame.
Unbind *Ixion*, cruel *Rhadamanth*,
And lay proud *Humber* on the whirling Wheel.
Back will I poſt to Hell-Mouth *Tænerus*,

And

And pass *Cocytus*, to the *Elysian* Fields,
And tell my Father *Brutus* of this News. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Ate *as before.* Jason *leading* Creon's *Daughter.* Medea *following, a Garland in her Hand, and putting it on* Creon's *Daughter's Head, setteth it on fire, and then killing* Jason *and her, departs.*

Ate. *NON tam Trinacriis exæstuat Ætna cavernis,*
Læsæ furtivo quam cor mulieris amore.

Medea seeing *Jason* leave her Love,
And chuse the Daughter of the *Theban* King,
Went to her deviliſh Charms to work Revenge,
And raiſing up the triple *Hecate*,
With all the rout of the condemned Fiends,
Framed a Garland by her magick Skill,
With which ſhe wrought *Jaſon* and *Creon*'s Ill.
So *Guendeline* ſeeing her ſelf miſus'd,
And *Humber*'s Paramour poſſeſs her place,
Flies to the Dukedom of *Cornubia*,
And with her Brother, ſtout *Thraſimachus*,
Gathering a Power of *Corniſh* Soldiers,
Gives Battle to her Huſband and his Hoſt,
Nigh to the River of great *Mercia*:
The Chances of this diſmal Maſſacre,
That which enſueth ſhortly will unfold. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Aſſarachus, *and* Thraſimachus.

Aſſa. But tell me, Couſin, dy'd my Brother ſo?
Now who is left to hapleſs *Albion*,
That as a Pillar might uphold our State,
That might ſtrike Terror to our daring Foes?
Now who is left to hapleſs *Britany*,
That might defend her from the barb'rous Hands
Of thoſe that ſtill deſire her ruinous fall,
And ſeek to work her downfal and decay?

Cam.

Cam. Ay Uncle, Death's our common Enemy,
And none but Death can match our matchleſs Power;
Witneſs the Fall of *Albioneius* Crew;
Witneſs the Fall of *Humber* and his *Hunns*,
And this foul Death hath now increas'd our Woe,
By taking *Corineius* from this Life,
And in his room leaving us Worlds of Care.

Thra. But none may more bewail his mournful Hearſe,
Than I that am the Iſſue of his Loins.
Now foul befal that curſed *Humber*'s Throat,
That was the cauſer of his lingring Wound.

Loc. Tears cannot raiſe him from the Dead again,
But where's my Lady, Miſtreſs *Guendeline?*

Thra. In *Cornwall*, *Locrine*, is my Siſter now,
Providing for my Father's Funeral.

Loc. And let her there provide her mourning Weeds,
And mourn for ever her own Widow-hood,
Ne'er ſhall ſhe come within our Palace-Gate,
To counter-check brave *Locrine* in his Love.
Go, Boy, to *Deucolitum*, down the *Lee*,
Unto the Arch where lovely *Eſtrild* lies,
Bring her and *Sabren* ſtraight unto the Court,
She ſhall be Queen in *Guendeline*'s room.
Let others wail for *Corineius*' Death,
I mean not ſo to macerate my Mind,
For him that barr'd me from my Heart's Deſire.

Thra. Hath *Locrine* then forſook his *Guendeline?*
Is *Corineius*' Death ſo ſoon forgot?
If there be Gods in Heav'n, as ſure there be,
If there be Fiends in Hell, as needs there muſt,
They will revenge this thy notorious wrong,
And pour their Plagues upon thy curſed Head.

Loc. What, prat'ſt thou, Peaſant, to thy Sovereign?
Or art thou ſtrucken in ſome Extaſy?
Doſt thou not tremble at our Royal Looks?
Doſt thou not quake when mighty *Locrine* frowns?
Thou beardleſs Boy, were't not that *Locrine* ſcorns
To vex his mind with ſuch a Heartleſs Child,
With the ſharp Point of this my Battle-axe,
I'd ſend thy Soul to *Puriphlegiton.*

Thra. Though I be young and of a tender Age,
Yet will I cope with *Locrine* when he dares.
My noble Father, with his conqu'ring Sword,
Slew the two Giants, Kings of *Aquitain.*
Thraſimachus is not ſo degenerate,
That he ſhould fear and tremble at the Looks,
Or taunting Words of a Venerean Squire.

Loc. Menaceſt thou thy Royal Sovereign?
Uncivil, not beſeeming ſuch as you.
Injurious Traitor (for he is no leſs
That at defiance ſtandeth with his King)
Leave theſe thy Taunts, leave theſe thy bragging Words,
Unleſs thou mean'ſt to leave thy wretched Life.

Thra. If Princes ſtain their glorious Dignity
With ugly ſpots of monſtrous Infamy,
They leeſe their former Eſtimation,
And throw themſelves into a Hell of hate.

Loc. Wilt thou abuſe my gentle Patience,
As though thou didſt our high diſpleaſure ſcorn?
Proud Boy, that thou may'ſt know thy Prince is mov'd,
Yea, greatly mov'd at this thy ſwelling Pride,
We banish thee for ever from our Court.

Thra. Then, loſel *Locrine*, look unto thyſelf,
Thraſimachus will revenge this Injury. [*Exit.*

Loc. Farewel, proud Boy, and learn to uſe thy Tongue.

Aſſa. Alas, my Lord, you ſhould have call'd to mind,
The lateſt Words that *Brutus* ſpake to you.
How he deſir'd you, by the Obedience
That Children ought to bear their Sire,
To love and favour Lady *Guendeline:*
Conſider this, that if the Injury
Do move her mind, as certainly it will,
War and Diſſenſion follow ſpeedily.
What though her Power be not ſo great as yours,
Have you not ſeen a mighty Elephant
Slain by the biting of a ſilly Mouſe?
Even ſo the chance of War inconſtant is.

Loc. Peace, Uncle, Peace, and ceaſe to talk thereof;
For he that ſeeks, by whiſpering this or that,
To trouble *Locrine*, in his ſweeteſt Life,
Let him perſuade himſelf to die the death.

Enter the Page, with Estrild *and* Sabren.

Est. O say me, Page, tell me, where is the King?
Wherefore doth he send me to the Court?
Is it to die? is it to end my Life?
Say me, sweet Boy, tell me and do not feign.

Page. No, trust me, Madam, if you will credit the little Honesty that is yet left me, there is no such Danger as you fear; but prepare your self, yonder's the King.

Est. Then *Estrild*, lift thy dazled Spirits up, [*Kneeling.*
And bless that blessed time, that Day, that Hour,
That warlike *Locrine* first did favour thee.
Peace to the King of *Britany*, my Love,
Peace to all those that love and favour him.

Loc. Doth *Estrild* fall with such Submission
[*Taking her up.*
Before her Servant King of *Albion?*
Arise, fair Lady, leave this lovely Chear,
Lift up those Looks that cherish *Locrine*'s Heart,
That I may freely view that roseal Face,
Which so entangled hath my love-sick Breast.
Now to the Court, where we will court it out,
And pass the Night and Day in *Venus*' Sports.
Frolick, brave Peers, be joyful with your King. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Guendeline, Thrasimachus, Madan, *and Soldiers.*

Guen. You gentle Winds, that with your modest Blasts
Pass through the Circuit of the Heav'nly Vault,
Enter the Clouds unto the Throne of *Jove*,
And bear my Pray'rs to his all-hearing Ears,
For *Locrine* hath forsaken *Guendeline*,
And learn to love proud *Humber*'s Concubine.
You happy Sprites that in the concave Sky,
With pleasant Joy, enjoy your sweetest Love,
Shed forth those Tears with me, which then you shed,
When first you woo'd your Ladies to their Wills:
Those Tears are fittest for my woful Case,
Since *Locrine* shuns my nothing-pleasant Face,
Blush Heav'n, blush Sun, and hide thy shining Beams,
Shadow thy radiant Locks in gloomy Clouds,
Deny thy chearful Light unto the World,

Where

Where nothing reigns but Falſhood and Deceit.
What, ſaid I, Falſhood? Ay, that filthy Crime,
For *Locrine* hath forſaken *Guendeline*.
Behold the Heav'ns do wail for *Guendeline*:
The ſhining Sun doth bluſh for *Guendeline*:
The liquid Air doth weep for *Guendeline*:
The very Ground doth groan for *Guendeline*:
Ay, they are milder than the *Britain* King,
For he rejecteth luckleſs *Guendeline*.

Thra. Siſter, complaints are bootleſs in this caſe,
This open Wrong muſt have an open Plague:
This Plague muſt be repaid with grievous War,
This War muſt finiſh with *Locrinus'* Death,
His Death will ſoon extinguiſh our Complaints.

Guen. O no, his Death will more augment my woes;
He was my Husband, brave *Thraſimachus*,
More dear to me than th'apple of mine Eye,
Nor can I find in Heart to work his Scathe.

Thra. Madam, if not your proper Injuries,
Nor my Exile, can move you to revenge:
Think on our Father *Corinæus'* Words,
His Words to us ſtand always for a Law.
Should *Locrine* live, that caus'd my Father's Death?
Should *Locrine* live, that now divorceth you?
The Heav'ns, the Earth, the Air, the Fire reclaims;
And then why ſhould all we deny the ſame?

Guen. Then henceforth farewel womaniſh Complaints,
All childiſh Pity henceforth then farewel:
But curſed *Locrine*, look unto thy ſelf,
For *Nemeſis*, the Miſtreſs of Revenge,
Sits arm'd at all Points on our diſmal Blades,
And curſed *Eſtrild*, that inflam'd his Heart,
Shall, if I live, die a reproachful Death.

Mad. Mother, tho' Nature makes me to lament
My luckleſs Father's froward Letchery;
Yet for he wrongs my Lady Mother, thus,
I, if I could, my ſelf would work his Death.

Thra. See, Madam, ſee, the deſire of Revenge
Is in the Children of a tender Age.
Forward, brave Soldiers, into *Mercia*,
Where we ſhall brave the Coward to his Face. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Locrine, Estrild, Sabren, Assarachus. *and the Soldiers.*

Loc. Tell me, *Assarachus*, are the *Cornish* Chuffs
In such great number come to *Mercia*,
And have they pitched there their Host,
So close unto our Royal Mansion?

Assa. They are, my Lord, and mean incontinent
To bid defiance to your Majesty.

Loc. It makes me laugh, to think that *Guendeline*
Should have the Heart to come in Arms against me.

Est. Alas, my Lord, the Horse will run amain
When as the Spur doth gall him to the Bone;
Jealousy, *Locrine*, hath a wicked sting.

Loc. Say'st thou so, *Estrild*, Beauty's Paragon?
Well, we will try her Choler to the Proof,
And make her know, *Locrine* can brook no braves.
March on, *Assarachus*, thou must lead the way,
And bring us to their proud Pavilion. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter the Ghost of Corineius, *with Thunder and Lightning.*

Ghost. Behold, the Circuit of the azure Sky
Throws forth sad Throbs, and grievous Suspirs,
Prejudicating *Locrine*'s Overthrow:
The Fire casteth forth sharp darts of Flames,
The great Foundation of the triple World
Trembleth and quaketh with a mighty noise,
Presaging bloody Massacres at hand.
The wandring Birds that flutter in the dark,
When hellish Night in cloudy Chariot seated,
Casteth her Mists on shady *Tellus*' Face,
With sable Mantles cov'ring all the Earth,
Now fly abroad amid the chearful Day,
Foretelling some unwonted Misery.
The snarling Curs of darkned *Tartarus*,
Sent from *Avernus* Ponds by *Rhadamanth*,
With howling Ditties pester ev'ry Wood;
The watry Ladies, and the light-foot Fawns,

And

And all the rabble of the woody Nymphs,
All trembling hide themſelves in ſhady Groves,
And ſhroud themſelves in hideous hollow Pits.
The boiſterous *Boreas* thundreth forth Revenge:
The ſtony Rocks cry out on ſharp Revenge:
The thorny Buſh pronounceth dire Revenge.
[*Sound the Alarum.*
Nay *Corineius* ſtay and ſee Revenge,
And feed thy Soul with *Locrine*'s Overthrow:
Behold they come, the Trumpets call them forth,
The roaring Drums ſummon the Soldiers.
Lo! where their Army gliſtereth on the Plains.
Throw forth thy Lightning, mighty *Jupiter*,
And pour thy Plagues on curſed *Locrine*'s Head [*Stands aſide.*

Enter Locrine, Eſtrild, Aſſarachus, Sabren *and their Soldiers at one Door;* Thraſimachus, Guendeline, Madan, *and their Followers at another.*

Loc. What, is the Tiger ſtarted from his Cave?
Is *Guendeline* come from *Cornubia*,
That thus ſhe braveth *Locrine* to the Teeth?
And haſt thou found thine Armour, pretty Boy,
Accompanied with theſe thy ſtraggling Mates?
Believe me but this Enterprize was bold,
And well deſerveth Commendation.

Guen. Ay, *Locrine*, Trait'rous *Locrine*, we are come,
With full pretence to ſeek thine Overthrow.
What have I done that thou ſhouldſt ſcorn me thus?
What have I ſaid that thou ſhouldſt me reject?
Have I been diſobedient to thy Words?
Have I bewray'd thy arcane Secrecy?
Have I diſhonoured thy Marriage-Bed
With filthy Crimes, or with laſcivious Luſts?
Nay, it is thou that haſt diſhonoured it,
Thy filthy Mind o'ercome with filthy Luſts,
Yieldeth unto Affection's filthy Darts.
Unkind, thou wrong'ſt thy firſt and trueſt ſear,
Unkind, thou wrong'ſt thy beſt and deareſt Friend;
Unkind, thou ſcorn'ſt all skilful *Brutus*' Laws,
Forgetting Father, Uncle, and thy ſelf.

Eſt. Believe me, *Locrine*, but the Girl is wiſe,
And well would ſeem to make a Veſtal Nun,
How finely frames ſhe her Oration!

Thra. Locrine, we came not here to fight with Words,
Words that can never win the Victory,
But for you are ſo merry in your Frumps,
Unſheath your Swords, and try it out by force,
That we may ſee who hath the better hand.

Loc. Think'ſt thou to dare me, bold *Thraſimachus*?
Think'ſt thou to fear me with thy taunting braves,
Or do we ſeem too weak to cope with thee?
Soon ſhall I ſhew thee my fine cutting Blade,
And with my Sword, the Meſſenger of Death,
Seal thee an Acquittance for thy bold attempts. [*Exeunt.*

Sound the Alarum. Enter Locrine, Aſſarachus, *and a Soldier at one Door*; Guendeline, Thraſimachus, *at another*: Locrine *and his Followers driven back.*

Then Locrine *and* Eſtrild *enter again in amaze.*

Loc. O fair *Eſtrilda*, we have loſt the Field,
Thraſimachus hath won the Victory,
And we are left to be a laughing-ſtock,
Scoft at by thoſe that are our Enemies.
Ten thouſand Soldiers arm'd with Sword and Shield,
Prevail againſt an hundred thouſand Men.
Thraſimachus incenſt with fuming Ire,
Rageth amongſt the faint-heart Soldiers,
Like to grim *Mars*, when cover'd with his Targe,
He fought with *Diomedes* in the Field,
Cloſe by the Banks of ſilver *Simois*. [*Sound the Alarum.*
O lovely *Eſtrild* now the Chaſe begins,
Ne'er ſhall we ſee the ſtately *Troynovant*
Mounted with Courſers garniſht all with Pearls,
Ne'er ſhall we view the fair *Concordia*,
Unleſs as Captives we be thither brought.
Shall *Locrine* then be taken Priſoner,
By ſuch a youngling as *Thraſimachus*?
Shall *Guendeline* captivate my Love?
Ne'er ſhall mine Eyes behold that diſmal hour,
Ne'er will I view that ruthful Spectacle,
For with my Sword, or this ſharp Curtle-Axe,
I'll cut in ſunder my accurſed Heart.

But O you Judges of the ninefold *Styx*,
Which with inceſſant Torments rack the Ghoſts
Within the bottombleſs *Abyſſus* Pits,
You Gods Commanders of the Heav'nly Spheres,
Whoſe Will and Laws irrevocable ſtand,
Forgive, forgive this foul accurſed Sin;
Forget, O Gods, this foul condemned Fault;
And now my Sword, that in ſo many Fights [*Kiſſes his Sword.*
Haſt ſav'd the Life of *Brutus* and his Son,
End now his Life that wiſheth ſtill for Death,
Work now his Death that wiſheth ſtill for Death,
Work now his Death that hateth ſtill his Life.
Farewel, fair *Eſtrild*, Beauty's Paragon,
Fram'd in the front of forlorn Miſeries,
Ne'er ſhall mine Eyes behold thy Sun-ſhine Eyes,
But when we meet in the *Elyſian* Fields,
Thither I go before with haſten'd pace.
Farewel, vain World, and thy inticing Snares,
Farewel, foul Sin, and thy inticing Pleaſures,
And welcome Death, the end of mortal Smart,
Welcome to *Locrine*'s over-burthen'd Heart.
[*Thruſts himſelf through with his Sword.*

Eſt. Break Heart with Sobs and grievous Suſpirs,
Stream forth your Tears from forth my watry Eyes,
Help me to mourn for warlike *Locrine*'s Death,
Pour down your Tears you watry Regions,
For mighty *Locrine* is bereft of Life.
O fickle Fortune, O unſtable World,
What elſe are all things, that this Globe contains,
But a confuſed Chaos of miſhaps?
Wherein as in a Glaſs we plainly ſee,
That all our Life is but a Tragedy,
Since mighty Kings are ſubject to miſhap,
Ay, mighty Kings are ſubject to miſhap;
Since martial *Locrine* is bereft of Life.
Shall *Eſtrild* live then after *Locrine*'s Death?
Shall love of Life bar her from *Locrine*'s Sword?
O no, this Sword that hath bereft his Life,
Shall now deprive me of my fleeting Soul:
Strengthen theſe Hands, O mighty *Jupiter*,
That I may end my woful Miſery,

Locrine

Locrine I come, *Locrine*, I follow thee. [*Kills herself.*
Sound the Alarum. Enter Sabren.

Sab. What doleful Sight, what ruthful Spectacle
Hath Fortune offer'd to my hapleſs Heart?
My Father ſlain with ſuch a fatal Sword,
My Mother murther'd by a mortal Wound?
What *Thracian* Dog, what barbarous *Mirmidon*,
Would not relent at ſuch a ruthful caſe?
What fierce *Achilles*, what hard ſtony Flint,
Would not bemoan this mournful Tragedy?
Locrine, the Map of Magnanimity,
Lies ſlaughter'd in this foul accurſed Cave;
Eſtrild, the perfect Pattern of Renown,
Nature's ſole Wonder, in whoſe beauteous Breaſts
All heav'nly Grace and Virtue was inſhrin'd,
Both maſſacred are dead within this Cave;
And with them dies fair *Pallas* and ſweet Love.
Here lies a Sword, and *Sabren* hath a Heart,
This bleſſed Sword ſhall cut my curſed Heart,
And bring my Soul unto my Parents Ghoſts,
That they that live and view our Tragedy,
May mourn our caſe with mournful Plaudites.
[*Offers to kill herſelf.*
Ay me, my Virgin's Hands are too too weak,
To penetrate the bulwark of my Breaſt;
My Fingers, us'd to tune the amorous Lute,
Are not of force to hold this ſteely Glaive,
So I am left to wail my Parents Death,
Not able for to work my proper Death.
Ah *Locrine*, honour'd for thy Nobleneſs,
Ah *Eſtrild*, famous for thy Conſtancy,
Ill may they fare that wrought your mortal Ends.
Enter Guendeline, Thraſimachus, Madan, *and the Soldiers.*

Guen. Search, Soldiers, ſearch, find *Locrine* and his Love;
Find the proud Strumpet, *Humber*'s Concubine,
That I may change thoſe her ſo pleaſing Looks
To pale and ignominious Aſpect.
Find me the Iſſue of their curſed Love,
Find me young *Sabren*, *Locrine*'s only Joy,
That I may glut my Mind with lukewarm Blood,

Swift

Swiftly distilling from the Bastard's Breast:
My Father's Ghost still haunts me for Revenge,
Crying, Revenge my over-hasten'd Death.
My Brother's Exile, and mine own Divorce,
Banish remorse clean from my brazen Heart,
All Mercy from mine adamantine Breasts.

Thra. Nor doth thy Husband lovely *Guendeline*,
That wonted was to guide our starless Steps,
Enjoy this Light; see where he murder'd lies,
By luckless Lot and froward frowning Fate:
And by him lies his lovely Paramour,
Fair *Estrild*, goa ed with a dismal Sword,
And as it seems, both murder'd by themselves,
Clasping each other in their feebled Arms,
With loving Zeal, as if for Company
Their uncontented Corps were yet content
To pass foul *Styx* in *Charon*'s Ferry-boat.

Guen. And hath proud *Estrild* then prevented me,
Hath she escaped *Guendeline*'s Wrath,
By violently cutting off her Life?
Would God she had the monstrous *Hydra*'s Lives,
That every hour she might have died a death.
Worse than the swing of old *Ixion*'s Wheel,
And every hour revive to die again,
As *Titius* bound to houseless *Caucason*,
Doth feed the Substance of his own mishap,
And every day for want of Food doth die,
And every night doth live again to die.
But stay, methinks, I hear some fainting Voice,
Mournfully weeping for their luckless Death.

Sab. You Mountain-Nymphs which in these Desarts reign,
Cease off your hasty chase of Savage Beasts,
Prepare to see a Heart oppress with Care,
Address your Ears to hear a mournful Stile,
No human Strength, no Work can work my Weal,
Care in my Heart so Tyrant-like doth deal.
You *Driades* and light-foot *Satyri*,
You gracious Fairies, which at Even-tide
Your Closets leave with heav'nly Beauty stor'd,
And on your Shoulders spread your golden Locks,
You Savage Bears in Caves and darken'd Dens,

Come

Come wail with me the martial *Locrine*'s Death,
Come mourn with me, for beauteous *Estrild*'s Death.
Ah loving Parents, little do you know
What Sorrow *Sabren* suffers for your thrall.

Guen. But may this be, and is it possible,
Lives *Sabren* yet to expiate my Wrath?
Fortune, I thank thee for this courtesie,
And let me never see one prosperous hour,
If *Sabren* die not a reproachful Death.

Sab. Hard-hearted Death, that when the Wretched call,
Art fartheſt off, and seldom hear'ſt at all,
But in the midſt of Fortune's good Succeſs,
Uncalled comes, and sheers our Life in twain:
When will that hour, that bleſſed hour draw nigh,
When poor diſtreſſed *Sabren* may be gone?
Sweet *Atropos* cut off my fatal Thread;
What art thou Death, ſhall not poor *Sabren* die?
[Guendeline *taking her by the Chin, ſays,*

Guen. Yes, Damſel, yes, *Sabren* ſhall ſurely die,
Tho' all the World ſhould ſeek to ſave her Life,
And not a common Death ſhall *Sabren* die,
But after ſtrange and grievous Puniſhments,
Shortly inflicted on thy Baſtard's Head,
Thou ſhalt be caſt into the curſed Streams,
And feed the Fiſhes with thy tender Fleſh.

Sab. And think'ſt thou then, thou cruel Homicide,
That theſe thy Deeds ſhall be unpuniſhed?
No, Traitor, no, the Gods will venge theſe Wrongs,
The Fiends of Hell will mark theſe Injuries.
Never ſhall theſe blood ſucking maſty Curs
Bring wretched *Sabren* to her lateſt home,
For I myſelf, in ſpite of thee and thine,
Mean to abridge my former Deſtinies,
And that which *Locrine*'s Sword could not perform,
This preſent Stream ſhall preſent bring to paſs.
[*She drowns herſelf.*

Guen. One Miſchief follows on another's Neck.
Who would have thought ſo young a Maid as ſhe,
With ſuch a Courage would have ſought her death?
And for becauſe this River was the Place
Where little *Sabren* reſolutely died,

Sabren

Sabren for ever ſhall this ſame be call'd.
And as for *Locrine*, our deceaſed Spouſe,
Becauſe he was the Son of mighty *Brute*,
To whom we owe our Country, Lives and Goods,
He ſhall be buried in a ſtately Tomb,
Cloſe by his aged Father *Brutus'* Bones,
With ſuch great Pomp and great Solemnity,
As well beſeems ſo brave a Prince as he.
Let *Eſtrild* be without the ſhallow Vaults,
Without the Honour due unto the Dead,
Becauſe ſhe was the Author of this War.
Retire brave Followers unto *Troynovant*,
Where we will celebrate theſe Exequies,
And place young *Locrine* in his Father's Tomb. [*Exeunt.*

Ate. Lo here the end of lawleſs Treachery,
Of Uſurpation and ambitious Pride.
And they that for their private Amours dare
Turmoil our Land, and ſet their Broils abroach,
Let them be warmed by theſe Premiſſes;
And as a Woman was the only cauſe
That civil Diſcord was then ſtirred up,
So let us pray for that renowned Maid,
That eight and thirty Years the Scepter ſway'd
In quiet Peace and ſweet Felicity,
And every Wight that ſeeks her Grace's Smart,
Would that this Sword were pierced in his Heart. [*Exit.*

F I N I S.

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